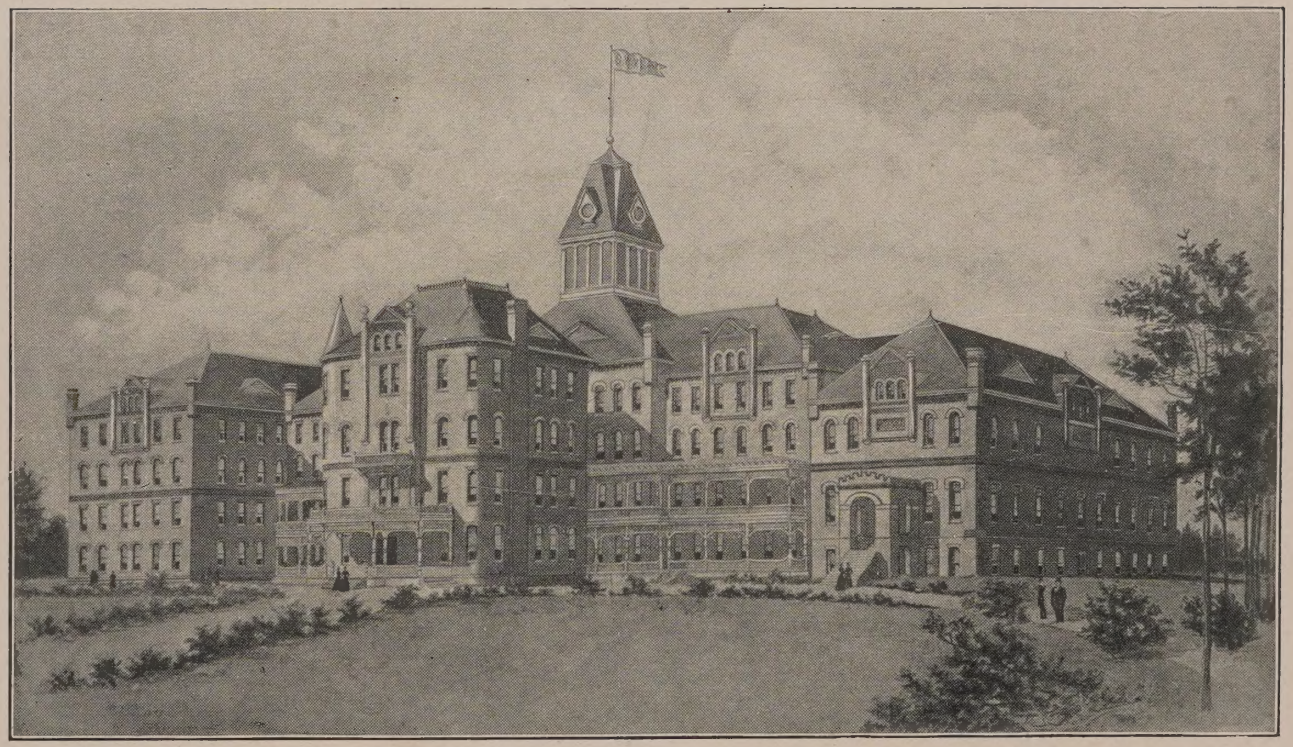
The Pennant 1908



VIRGINIA INSTITUTE

The V. I. Pennant

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Bristol, Virginia

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to

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Our Loyal Trustee and Patron

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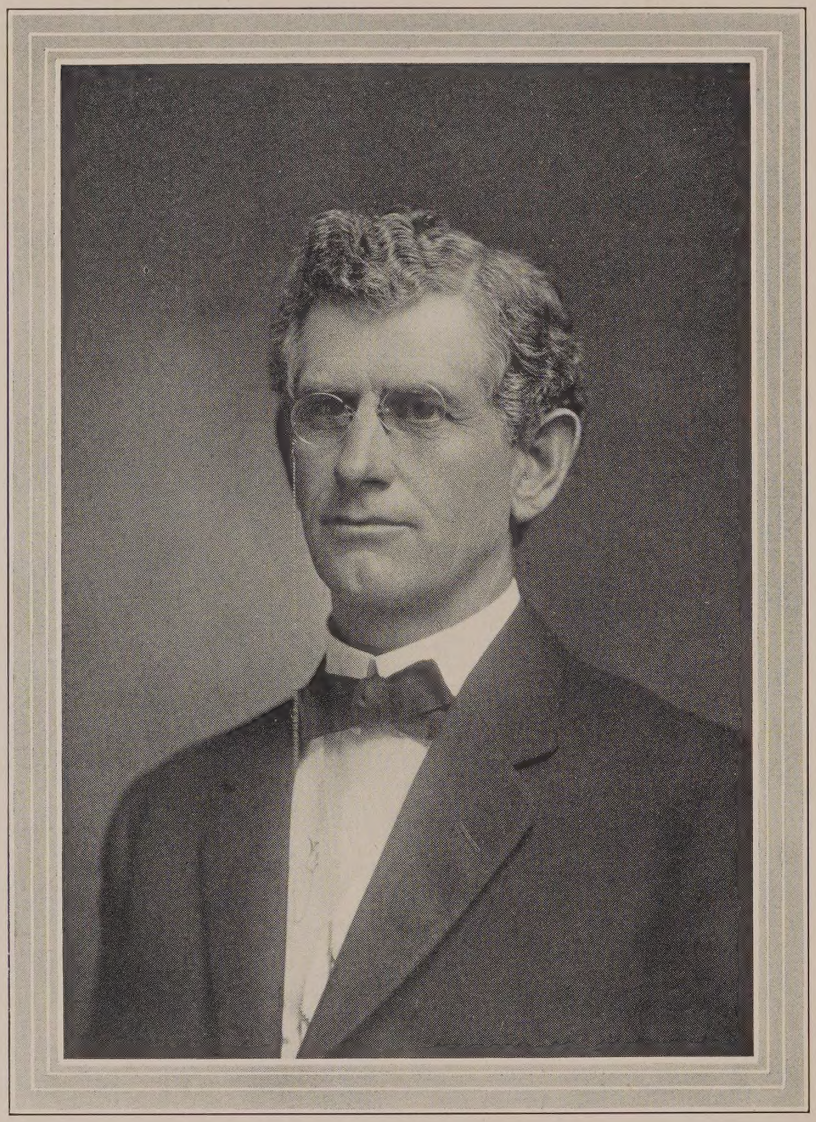

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Class of 1908

Motto
Rarum carum

Colors
Red and Grey

Flower
American Beauty

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KATHERINE NELL MULLINS,	*Vice-President*
RUTH BROWN,	*Secretary*
VIVIAN WYSONG,	*Treasurer*

MINTA BELL, A. B., ... Columbus, Mississippi

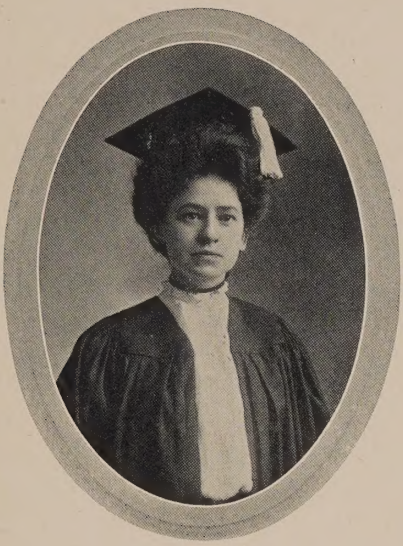
"I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities—
A still and quiet conscience."

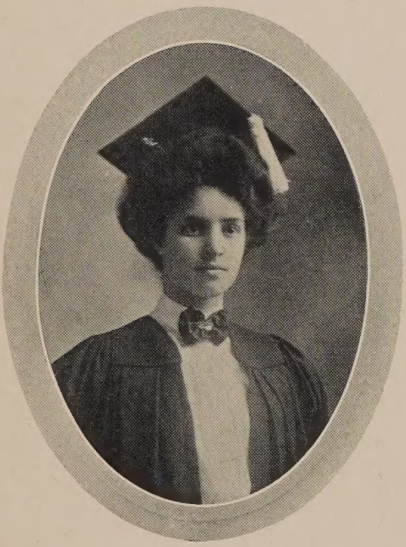
Corresponding Secretary, Y. W. C. A., '07-'08.
Chaplain, E. L. S., '07-'08.
Critic, E. L. S., '07-'08.

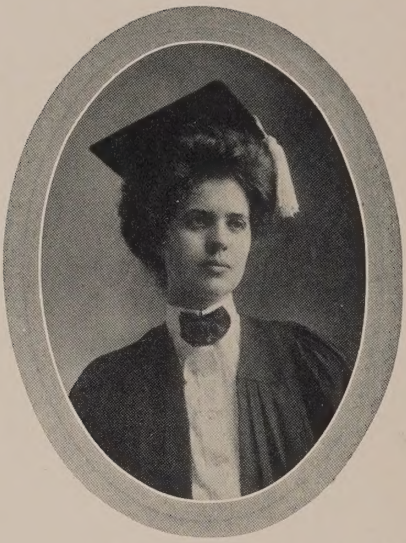
MARY NOEL BRABSON, A. B., ... Greeneville, Tennessee

"A rosebud set with little willful thorns."

President, Senior Class, '07-'08.
Secretary, E. L. S., '07-'08.
Captain, Virginians Basket-ball Team, '08.
President, Tau Sigma Delta, '07-'08.







RUTH BROWN, A. B., ... Newport, Tennessee

"Not made to rule,
But to subserve where wisdom bears command."

President, Tennessee Club, '07-'08.
Secretary, Senior Class, '07-'08.
Secretary, E. L. S., '06-'07.

LIDIE COURTS, A. B., ... Yazoo City, Mississippi

"Be to her virtues very kind,
Be to her faults a little blind."

President, Junior Class, '06-'07.
Vice-President, Athletic Association, '06-'07.
Secretary, Mississippi Club, '06-'07.
Captain, Basket-ball Team, '06-'07.

QUEEN HONEYCUTT, A. B., ... Asheville, North Carolina

"A narrow compass! And yet there
Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair."

President North Carolina Club, '05-'06.
President, Sophomore Class, '05-'06.
President, Y. W. C. A., '05-'06.
Vice-President, Junior Class, '06-'07.
Vice-President, Y. W. C. A., '07-'08.
Vice-President, Curry Club, '07-'08.
President, North Carolina Club, '07-'08.

MARY HUTTON, A. B., ... Bristol, Virginia

"Silence is more musical than any song."

BESS JOHNSON, B. L., ... Embreville, Tennessee

"What fates impose, that men must needs abide;
It boots not to resist both wind and tide."

MINNIE AIMEE MCALPIN, A. B., ... Gulfport, Mississippi

"Thy spirit, Independence, let me share;
Lord of the lion-heart and eagle-eye,
Thy step I follow with my bosom bare,
Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky."

Secretary, Q. E. D. Club, '06-'07.
Secretary, E. L. S., '06-'07.
Treasurer, Junior Class, '06-'07
Business Manager of Pennant, '07-'08.
Secretary, Athletic Association, '07-'08.
President, H. G. L., '07-'08.
Vice-President, Mississippi Club, '07-'08.

KATHERINE NELL MULLINS, B. L., ... Clanton, Alabama

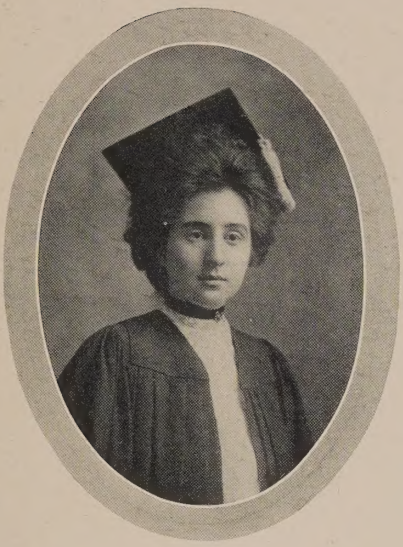
"Thy actions to thy words accord; thy words to thy large heart give utterance due; thy heart contains of good, wise, just, the perfect shape."

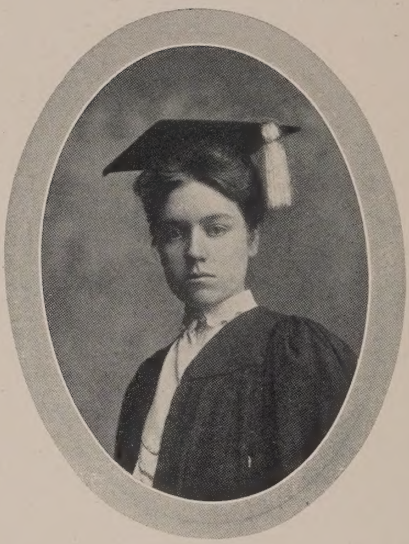
Secretary, Senior Class, '07-'08.
Associate Editor, Pennant, '07-'08.
President, E. L. S., '07-'08.
Chaplain, E. L. S., '08.
Critic, E. L. S., '07.
President, E. D. D. D., '08.

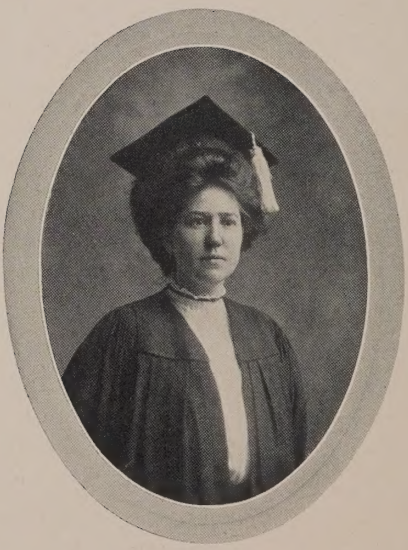
BENNIE SLAUGHTER, B. L., ... Honaker, Virginia

"Attempt the end, and never stand to doubt;
Nothing so hard, but search will find it out."

Corresponding Secretary, H. L. S., '06-'07.
Treasurer, H. L. S., '06-'07.
Corresponding Secretary, H. L. S., '07-'08.







KATE WILLIAMS, M. A., ... Newton, Mississippi

"Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eyes;
In every gesture dignity and love."

Chaplain, E. L. S., '06.
Vice-President, E. L. S., '06.
President, E. L. S., '07.
Corresponding Secretary, Y. W. C. A., '06.
President, Kappa Gamma, '06-'07.
President, Mississippi Club, '06-'07.
President, Cross Country Club, '06-'07.
Associate Editor, Annual, '06-'07.
Critic, E. L. S., '07.
Editor-in-Chief, Annual, '07-'08.

FANNIE WOMACK, A. B., ... Vicksburg, Mississippi

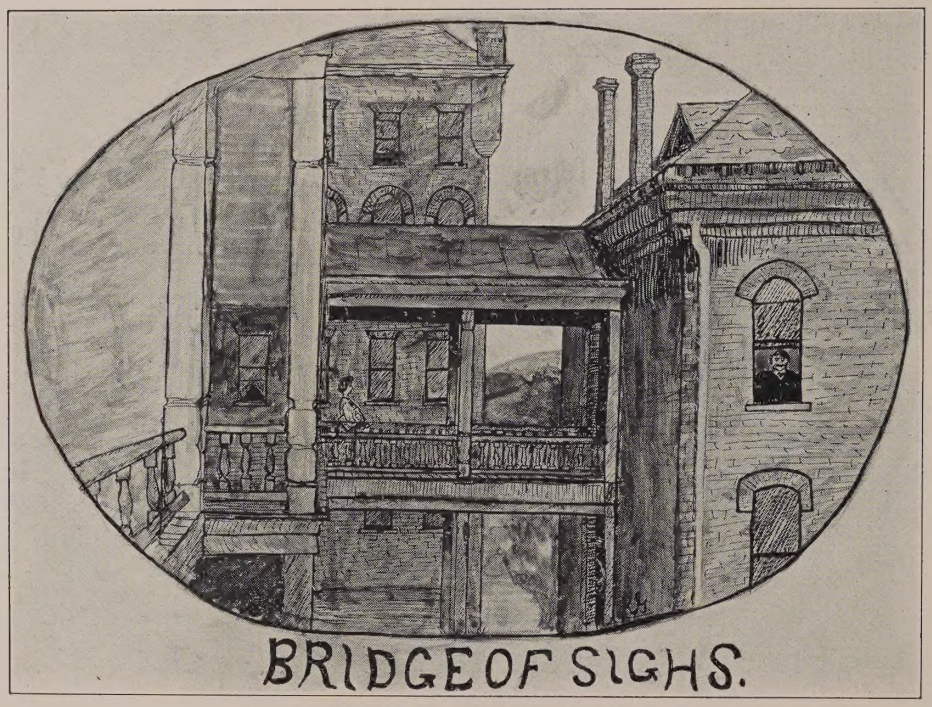
"I built my soul a lordly pleasure house
Wherein at ease for aye to dwell."

Secretary, Junior Class, '06-'07.
Secretary, Athletic Association, '06-'07.
Captain, Basket-ball Team, '06-'07.
Captain, Basket-ball Team, '07-'08.
Assistant Business Manager, PENNANT, '07-'08.
Vice-President, E. L. S., '07-'08.
Secretary, Athletic Association, '07-'08.

VIVIAN WYSONG, A. B., ... Florence, South Carolina

"How happy could I be with either
Were t'other dear charmer away!
But, while ye thus tease me together,
To neither a word will I say."

Treasurer of Senior Class, '07-'08.
President of S. C. Clan, '06-'07.
Censor, E. L. S., '06-'07.
Critic, E. L. S., '07-'08.



Class Song

Sing, all we Seniors, swell the song;
  Our alma mater praise.
Together praise her loud and long.
  To her we sing our lays;
While far from home, we've lived with her;
  We've learned to love her name;
And now that we must part with her.
  To her all praise and fame.

  Hail! All hail, the Senior class!
  We number six and eight;
  We'll be famous, we'll be great,
  We're the class of nineteen-eight!

The years have passed too swiftly by
  We worked and lived with thee.
We greet this last day with a sigh
  That takes us far from thee.
Now, as we come to say good-bye,
  Deep feelings fill each heart;
Though now we're happy, yet we sigh
  To think that we must part.

MINTA BELL

Senior Poem

I.

Here's to the Class of naughty eight,
  Here's to "The White Tassel Class,"
No other so loyal, so true or so great,
  Our merits no one can surpass.

II.

Our number is thirteen, nowhere will you find
  Thirteen maidens so fair on the earth;
The American Beauty, the flower we've chosen,
  An emblem of strength and worth.

III.

The colors we've chosen are red and gray,
  Our motto is "Rarum, Carum,"
Though blithe and though happy, and always quite gay,
  Yet, never are we harum scarum.

IV.

For four years we've worked, and have labored together,
  Together have laughed and have played,
We always are ready for any fun going,
  But never by hard task dismayed.

V.

But after hard struggle the goal is now reached,
  By labor the victory is won,
Seniors at last we have made ourselves,
  And our school tasks at last are quite done.

VI.

To our loving and kind Alma Mater
  All success we have won is due,
Ever we'll love and remember her name,
  And to her we'll ever be true.

VII.

So here's to our dear Alma Mater,
  How loving, how kind and how great,
And here's to the best of her classes,
  The Class of naughty eight.

Prophecy

YOU need not tell me there are no fairies. You need not try to make me believe that sprites are the productions of a child's fancies or of a poet's imagination, for I, who am certainly not a child, and who have about as much imagination as a cat, have seen fairies with my own eyes. Neither need you tell me that onl yto children do these fairies appear, for I have long ago laid aside my childish frocks and put up my curls on top of my head; in fact, I am forty-five years old, and yet with all my gray hairs I have seen fairies. You say you don't believe it. Well, just wait until you hear my story.

No, I didn't fall asleep and dream a dream, neither was I visiting some old enchanted palace. I was in my own little garden, watering my flowers in a most usual style. Now, there is nothing at all unusual about my garden. 'Tis true I have always felt that my hyacinths had a sweeter perfume and that my American beauties had a more brilliant color than those of other gardens, but always before thought that it was only the result of my fond care for them, but now I know that no other garden is equal to mine.

As I said, I was watering my flowers, when suddenly from beneath the petals of the tall lily a lovely sprite stepped forth. I will not attempt to describe the tiny elf, but if you should combine all the lovely descriptions of all the fairies you have ever heard of you would not be able to conceive of the beauty of my fairy. While I was trying to decide whether the tiny creature before me was really a fairy or only one of my flowers, I was convinced by hearing a most unusual voice say: "I am one of many fairies who live hidden within the hearts of these tiny flowers. We have seen how you care for our little blossoms and I am sent to reward you. Ask what you will and you shall have it."

When told so suddenly that I could have what I desired, at first I was so astounded that I could not think. Then I began to go over in my mind the many wants that every day confronted me. Finally I decided that of all my desires my longing to see the "White Tassel Class" of '08, exceeded them all.

He then made me promise that I would do whatever he should command and led me to a shady corner of the garden, bidding me close my eyes. Suddenly I felt a strange sensation as if I was being hurled into space, and then, as I felt my feet touch solid ground, the fairy called out: "Now, you may look about you," and I opened my eyes to behold the most beautiful place imaginable.

At first I was badly frightened and a horrible feeling of loneliness came over me, despite the beauty and grandeur of the place. I looked about for my flowers, but everything was strange and new to me. These flowers were larger and more richly colored than any that had ever decked my simple garden. Some so large that one would easily make an armful and others so tiny they could hardly be seen.

I turned to my fairy for an explanation and he told me, to my amazement, that I was no longer an inhabitant of the earth, but had been transported to the mysterious planet of Mars and was now to visit places and behold sights of which I had never dreamed before.

In this wonderful world my fancy acted as guide and I was impatient to set out on my sight-seeing and eager to learn something of this new world and its inhabitants. When I expressed this desire, my little fairy plucked a dainty blue-bell and, using the stem as a handle, began ringing it just as Victoria had rung the old dinner-bell years before at old V. I., but instead of that shrill peal the most harmonious music sounded forth as the pale yellow gong struck the blue petals which constituted the sides of the bell.

Immediately from out of the ground sprang two zephyr-like fairies, each bearing a golden stick with white wings attached. These were fastened to my feet and I began to move to the rhythm of the most fascinating music made by the rush of the wind against the flowers. I glided along in the air without an effort on my part. Presently we saw in the distance a large city and I became very anxious and curious to enter it. As we neared this city I found there was a high wall around it and wondered how we would get in, but soon noticed that we were rising higher and higher and when we reached the wall we went over as if there had been none, and stood within the city. What a beautiful place this was; it truly must have been Fairyland, for it looked like the cities I had pictured after reading fairy tales. The buildings were so beautiful and had such a mystical air about them that I was afraid to enter any of them until the fairy pointed out to me a building noted for being the plainest and most severe looking one on the planet. This looked so much like our building that I went to it immediately, and on reaching the door my first inclination was to sneeze. I went in, and whom should I meet face to face but Lidie Courts, my old roommate. How delighted I was to see her and how we plied each other with questions, both of us talking at the same time. How did you get here? That was the question that was uppermost in my mind, but she could never make me really understand how it all happened, but told me I would find the other members of the class here also. As to the building, it was only the manufactory of Cachoo powder, of which Lidie was the head. She said that she had had quite a hard fight at first, but had gotten the mothers to try raising their children on this delightful and fattening powder.

I was directed then by the fairy into a large auditorium, brilliantly lighted and holding, it seemed, thousands of people. Of course I expected to see something wonderful, but reached there just in time to see the prima donna carried off the stage in a dead faint. I afterward learned it was Bennie Slaughter who had prepared herself to be a grand opera singer and this was her first appearance.

From here I am wafted as if by a sudden gush of wind into another part of the city. There we entered a large room, hung with richly colored draperies and beautiful paintings. I wondered why the fairy had brought me here, but as I peered behind one of these curtains, I spied Minta Bell, posing as the beauty of Mars, and how proud I felt that I had graduated in the class with her. Suddenly the same feeling came over me that I used to experience on circus day when a child. I felt that I was going to a show and was perfectly delighted over the idea when I found myself entering the door of the big tent. Inside each actor was intent on pleasing his or her audience. There was one girl in the farther end of the tent who seemed to be drawing all eyes toward her as she did her feat on the tight rope. As I drew near to this acrobatic wonder, I immediately recognized my old friend, Vivian Wysong. In school we never knew that Vivian was so well balanced, but she has certainly proved it in choosing this profession for her life work.

As we left this place we heard music—ragtime music—and of course I had to find who could be playing ragtime away up on Mars. Presently I drew close and could see that there was dancing in the large hall. I could resist no longer and decided that I would go in, meet the master, and take a turn with him. But when I asked to meet the master, I was introduced to Miss Ruth Brown, formerly of Virginia Institute. I was not much surprised to find her at this work when I remembered that Ruth was always a graceful dancer, and didn't care for much else.

In talking about the girls with Ruth I found that she was not closely associated with all of them, but could tell me almost anything I asked her. She said that Aimee, although growing uglier every day, was still quite successful in winning the hearts of men and breaking the hearts of maidens. Of course I remembered how Am would always cut us out of our friends at school and then throw them down to catch the next one, but did not think that she would make a profession of this kind of work.

On mentioning Mary Brabson's name, Ruth said she knew nothing of Mary's business, but did know that she was still tooting the family horn, but of course was having a hard time making the people of Mars believe the worth of the family, as she is the only proof, the rest of them still living on the earth.

Next I am ushered into a magnificent church where the large congregation seems intent on catching every word which falls from the mouth of the speaker.

I stand up to catch a glimpse of this wonderful person and there in the pulpit before me stands Queen Elizabeth Honeycutt, D. D. As I went down the street from here I met Bess Johnson face to face. She recognized me immediately and, after talking with her awhile, I learned that poor Bess had never made anything of herself because, she said, it took most of her time visiting the other girls to see what they were doing and for that reason she had never had any time for herself.

She was just then on her way to a funeral, and invited me to go along with her. I readily agreed and thanked her for the invitation, as I was quite curious to know how this would be conducted on Mars. I found they had very nearly the same ceremony as we, but bury their dead in a standing position. Every one crowded around to get a last glimpse of the dead and when the cover was taken off I was shocked to see standing before me Mary Hutton, as natural looking as in the year 1908, when we had worked together at V. I.

By this time I was very much fatigued and my fairy suggested getting something to eat. He guided me into a great white building, finished on the interior in marble and glass. The authorities seemed to realize that I was a total stranger, and had the most skilled waiters to attend me. After looking me over carefully they decided they could not take the responsibility, so called for the head waiter. This important person stepped out dressed in white. She was quite beautiful and had an abundance of golden hair. The face was so familiar that I began staring at her, and soon recognized Nell Mullins. I thought how wonderful that Nell was holding down such a position.

Presently my fairy said, "We are approaching the capital city of Mars, and soon you will be in the presence of the grand Sultan of Mars." I began to wonder if the remaining member of our class had attained to the high position of wife of the ruler of this planet, or had become a court maid in this strange court. While I was thus meditating I felt myself wafted into a most beautiful palace. Of all lovely things I had seen while on Mars nothing could compare with this. While I was gazing around me, my senses completely lost in wonderment, my little fairy touched me and said: "You are before the ruler of Mars. Make obeisance to the grand Sultan." I immediately bowed low before the monarch, who was seated on a magnificent throne at one end of the large hall. He put out his sceptre to me and commanded me to rise, spoke a few words of welcome, and turning to the many court ladies and gentlemen who surrounded him, said, "Do honor to the visitor from the earth." They all made low, reverential bows. Then the king gave me the seat of honor at his right hand and commanded that the court jester be brought in for my amusement. Presently a court fool, dressed in the usual style and acting in the usual way, came in. She danced a jig, cracked jokes, and cut all kinds of capers.

Different ones of those present called out their favorite pranks and the clown proceeded to do as directed. Presently some one called out, "Walk dignified," and the jester strutted around in a most dignified style. No sooner had she assumed her dignified character than I recognized, to my consternation, Kate Williams. Yes, although we had high ambition for Kate, no one dreamed that she would reach such a high position as court jester to the grand Sultan of Mars. I surprised all present by jumping down from my seat of honor and embracing the clown, but Kate seemed to have entirely forgotten that she was ever a dignified senior of V. I., and returned my embrace by dancing me around in a most clownish style.

After having been in the air for about ten minutes, the clown again set me down and just as my feet touched the floor, I awoke. Oh! I didn't awake, and you needn't think this was a dream, for it all really happened only a few days ago, when I was watering the flowers in my garden.

F. E. W.

Junior Class

FLOWER
Lilac

TREE
Laurel

COLORS
Lavender and White

GEM
Garnet

SYMBOL
Anchor

ADMONITION

"Let us go on" taking courage in the hope that we shall anchor safely as Seniors in 1909.

MOTTO
Allons

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ALICE RODGERS, ... *President*
ZIRLETA MATTHEWS, ... *Vice-President*
CLARA HARWOOD, ... *Secretary*
KATIE LOCKHART, ... *Treasurer*
MAIE HOLLINGSWORTH, ... *Class Historian*
ALMA CRABTREE, ... *Poet*
SADIE RISER, ... *Artist*

CLASS MEMBERS

REBECCA MILLS
ELIZABETH SNODGRASS
HALLIE FIELDS
NANNIE CRISMOND
REBECCA BROOKE
EUGENIA STOKES
BANIE JOHNSTON
EMMA STODDARD
HATTYE BROWN
ELIZABETH MCCHESNEY
LILLIE FIELDS
IRENE GREENWALD

Junior Class Poem

Here's to the class of nineteen and nine,
  The grandest class on earth—
The best and finest of all the fine—
  Bubbling over with fun and mirth.

Although our number has suffered a blow
  From the faculty's ruthless hands,
We still have members, strong and true,
  Forming a staunch and loyal band.

"Sweet sixteen" and two are we,
  Each one bright and brave and true,
Plodding onward toward the goal
  Slowly but surely coming into view.

We all have our troubles, as you may know,
  Which are found in all shapes and sizes;
But we remember that to those who sow
  Will come the rich grain as prizes.

"Allons" is our motto, and means, as you know,
  Ever upward and on for the right.
To our standard we trust we may always be true,
  And strive to give others the light.

We've anchored our hopes to a bright star of fame
  That shines out with brilliant glory.
When next we appear we'll have the name
  Of Seniors, well known in story.

Hurrah for the class of naughty nine—
  Of numbers sweet sixteen, plus two;
The world will hear of us down the line,
  Always striving and daring to do!

A. H. C.

The Girl of Yesterday

THE world today pays its homage to "the twentieth century girl"—to the "new woman;" yes, pays it with admiration and enthusiasm, and yet occasionally do we not hear a "wee small voice" in a rather discontented tone cry out, "Where is the old-fashioned girl? Oh, give us back the girl of yesterday!"

Is it that this is the cry of one of those who would have us believe that the whole world is in a state of decline—that the olden days are gone and with them every good thing, or can it be that it is the cry of one who sees and feels that there is something missing—something lost that would best be with us still.

We grant that the girl of today has made strides toward "higher development," so to speak, which would seem almost marvelous to her sister of several generations ago.

True, the world has opened and allowed her to enter paths which, not many years since, this same judge—the world—would have thought her both physically and mentally unable to fill. The lord and sovereign of the universe has doffed his hat and permitted her to step into places which it was once deemed that he alone could fill. Then does he not often bow his head in humiliation to see this wee one, this "weaker vessel," fill his place with more credit than he himself had done?

In the educational world our twentieth century girl stands side by side with her brother; every field of learning has been opened for her survey and not one has she allowed to pass unreaped. The world has found that woman's mind is as broad as her heart is deep and that she may grasp the truths of science and philosophy as easily as it was known in the ages ago that her dainty fingers could use the needle or wreathe the garlands.

Yet, my admirable twentieth century girl, there are charges brought against you. Perhaps, in your first glory of newly conquered territory, in your pride that you have outstripped all that have gone before, you toss your wise little head and with a sinister smile ask, "*Who* makes these charges and what may they amount to?"

Would it not be wise for even you, my all-perfect one, would it not be courtesy at any rate, to hear these charges and if there be any truth found in them, heed and profit?

The girl of today would show the world that she is man's equal. Indeed, man's equal. God made her inferior to nothing of his creation, but is this same superb creature not in some measure perverting her Maker's plan when she arises in haughty grandeur and, seizing places and territory *rightly* her lord's, goes on her way feeling that she has won a glorious victory and that just now has she come into possession of her long-deserved *"rights."*

Yet, sad to be told, our girl is charged as guilty of this unwise, to express it correctly, unwomanly act.

This was hardly true of the girl or woman of yesterday. Not knowing her many as yet undiscovered powers and blissfully ignorant of what a territory for conquest lay before her, she was content to hold as her domain ONLY the four walls of home; she felt that her life's work was at home; she was content to be a wife to her husband and a mother to her children. You say her life thus spent was narrow? With the most sacred institution of earth—home—as her kingdom, with human hearts as her subjects, with love for a sceptre, and crowned with the purity of womanhood, wherein could there be narrowness?

Environment and the new customs that naturally come with each ensuing period, must of necessity have due effect upon the people of the times. Thus we might find reasons why the girl of today is steering a somewhat different course from her sister of yesterday.

Yesterday's daughter had not, it is true, the way opened for "higher education," and yet do we not often misconstrue that term "higher education," so called? We can not term a thing good unless we find that it is both good in itself and is used for good ends.

No one doubts or disputes for one moment that one of the greatest goods toward the advancement of general culture, one of the chief aids to civilization, is the education of woman, and I should dare say there is no one but sees now that the girl is as capable of *"being educated"* as her brother.

Therefore, it must not be in the education that there is found chaff, but it is too true that this same inestimable good is often perverted into mere snobbery.

If "education" makes the girl *too broad* to fill her place at home as daughter, sister, and friend; if the woman considers her life narrow when spent in making a home; or if greater development tends to make her pose as superior to those around her who are less fortunate—if these should be the results, let us shun "higher education;" yes, we might well envy the girl of yesterday.

It may be that our sister knew better how to use her needle skillfully, and that her fingers could draw patterns in embroidery better than those same fingers could draw with accuracy the complicated figures of geometry; it is true that she could converse with more knowledge upon the simple topics of her

daily home-life than upon the grave and various political or philosophical questions of the day; yes, *we* say, "She knew so little."

And yet if she filled her simple place well; if she did her woman's part; if she possessed the womanly attributes of purity, gentleness, and unselfishness; if she knew how to act with sympathy to all around her; if the world was in any measure better for her having lived in it; can we not say to her, Well done! Someone has said it is better for a woman to make one human heart happy than for her to go to Athens and deliver lectures on the destruction of Thebes.

The old-fashioned girl, we are told, was a very coy maiden, something like a will-o-the-wisp; just when you felt sure that she was yours, when you thought one step forward would even put you in her presence, so that you might see what manner of creature she was, then, with a toss of her head and a twinkle in her eye, she left you, oftentimes in miry places, with the words, "Try, try again."

This maiden was very zealous that she should be the sought rather than the seeker; she remained securely guarded in her castle, well fortified by Modesty, Purity, Innocence, and Womanly Nobility, nor did she lavish her gifts of beauty, talents and that supreme gift—the power and will to *love*—upon all comers, but kept them safely guarded under lock and key until one she deemed worthy to possess them should make his claim.

Prince Charming must needs use many wiles to coax the fair lady from her stronghold; he must play the courtier and the warrior; his lady of the castle must be wooed with "music, born of sweet sounds;" he must show himself the very flower of knighthood, indeed, before the prize could be won; but once his own, all the rare sweetness of the flower was poured at his feet and valued the more because of its dear price.

We dare not say aloud that this is not true of the girl of our day; no, she would look with anger or disdain upon one who dared even think otherwise and yet—yes, my girl, from out the voices of the multitude we hear the whisper that you are too easily won. Often you leave vacant your castle and perhaps even stand at the postern gate yourself, waiting to hail your fairy prince as he passes by.

The girl of yesterday was not a perfect creature; no, far from it, yet we must see that she possessed qualities that should always be preserved and that she lived a life of naturalness and simplicity which might well be imitated.

So, with the many opportunities for development given to the present day girl, with the countless advantages open to her which were denied the girl of yesterday, let it never more be said of her that she falls short in the smallest detail from her sister of yesterday.

A. R.

Sophomore Class

Mary Robbins,	*President*
Trula Kiser,	*Vice-President*
Mollie Heath Conn,	*Secretary*
Mary Leslie Pulliam,	*Treasurer*
Berta Childress,	*Artist*
Denton McKee,	*Artist*
Winnie Brown,	*Corresponding Secretary*

Motto

Hitch your wagon to the stars.

Yell

Rah, rah, rah,
Rah, rah, rah,
Rah, rah, rah,
Sophomores!!!

Colors

White and Green

Flowers

White Carnations

ROLL

Mary Robbins
Trula Kiser
Mollie Heath Conn
Mary Leslie Pulliam
Berta Childress
Denton McKee
Myrtle Hamilton
Mary Shannon
Winnie Brown
Clarice Hamilton
Carmen Hamilton
Kate Brabson
Maude Johnson
Bye Hill
Irma Hill
Ethel Wagoner
Rebecca Brooke

1
2
1910
3
4
5
6
DMc

Eva Ballard,	*President*
Ruth Williams,	*Vice-President*
Margie Shumate,	*Secretary*
Olive Roberts,	*Treasurer*

Motto

Non palma sine pulvera

Colors	Flower
Olive and Alice Blue	Violet

ROLL

Eva Ballard	Nannie Clark
Ruth Williams	Mary Hawthorne
Mabel Dulaney	Blanche Clark
Hallie Perry	Nell Sparks
Catherine Thomas	Lena Martin
Charmion Thomas	Olyvie Roberts
Belle Lester	Mabel Clay
Hattie Lott	Margie Shumate
Virgie Harwood	Louise Wright

Freshman Poem

We are the Freshmen.
  Tho' very small,
We are laying the foundation
  To it all.

The Sophomores look down on us
  With such a sneer,
Tho' they were Freshmen
  Just last year.

Those Juniors are "it"—
  So they say,
But we will beat them
  Some sweet day.

And those Seniors—
  Don't you cry—
We will be Seniors
  Bye and bye.

R. and W.

Special Class

Ruth Brabson,	*President*
Rhea Hunter,	*Vice-President*
Katherine Conn,	*Secretary*
Opal Higgins,	*Treasurer*
Kathleen Gaunt,	*Artist*

Flower
Forget-me-not

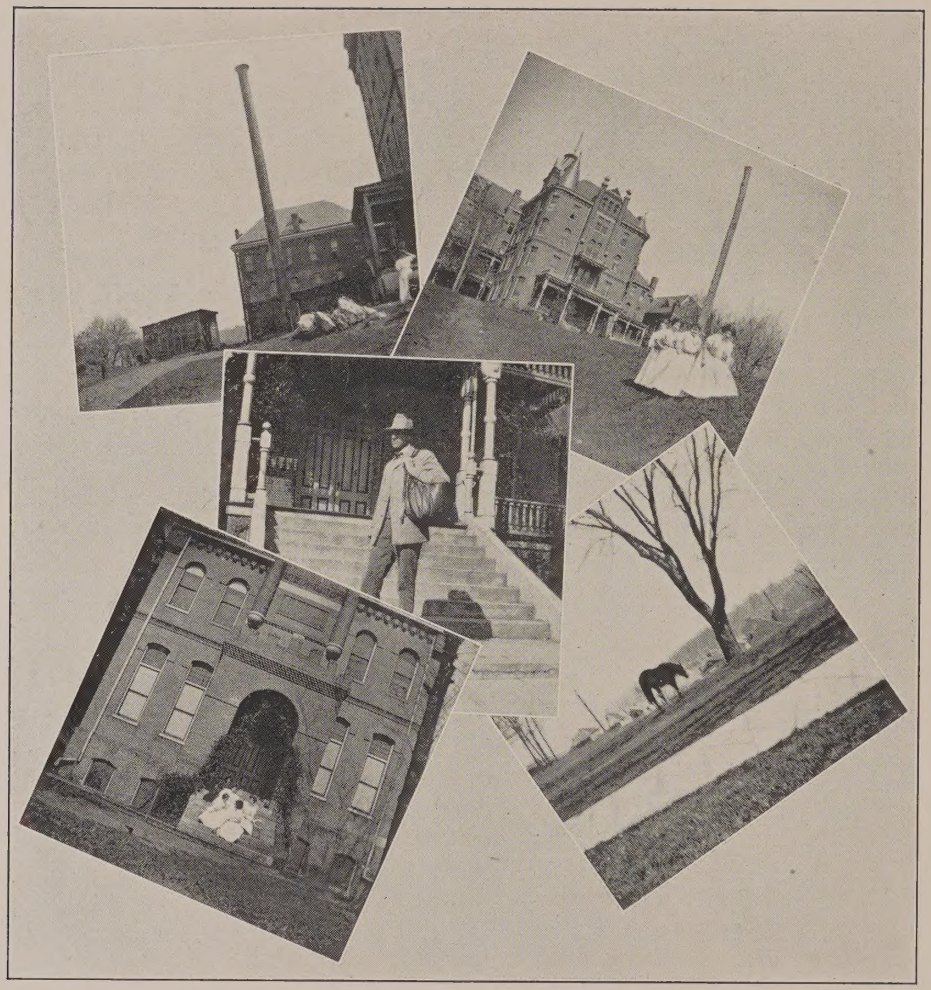
Colors
Gold and Light Blue

Motto
To thine own self be true.

MEMBERS

Mary Stickley	Annie Halford
Annie Johnson	Fannie Robbins
Nannie Johnson	Ollie Buckles
Venita Bacon	M. C. Hardwick
Nell Sparks	Ella Ratliffe
Alice Johnston	Myrtis Wentworth
Zolle Dickenson	Ola Howard
Sudie Spinks	Lullie Routh
Erma Barker	Mildred Holloway
Mary Surface	Blanche Sellers

VOICE.
EXPRESSION.
ART
GERMAN
MUSIC.
FRENCH
SPECIALS.
K.G.



"A Grandmother's Influence"

TO that grand Austrian metropolis, to that great foreign city of Vienna, resort many of our enterprising American physicians for further study and research in that renowned medical center, with the purpose of returning to their home land for their life's work with added reputation to their medical ability, and added figures to their doctors' bills.

Such a man was Dr. Robert Renierch, an American medical student in that far-away foreign city. While younger and of less experience than his many fellow countrymen and students, yet he showed surpassing ability and application in a medical way.

Perhaps it was not alone his high standing and excellent record in his laboratory and hospital work that had won him favor in the eyes of those serious old German professors. It may be that they admired the broad-shouldered young American type, or it may be that the honest, frank, open face, with its big brown eyes, appealed to them. At any rate, it was evident that Renierch, the young American, was a favorite with professors and students alike, for his personality and his work.

So deserving did he seem, that these critical professors unanimously suggested the name of Robert Renierch, when it came time for the awarding of the Bacon scholarship; a scholarship providing for a further two years' study in Vienna, that renowned city of medical science.

"And now, Mr. Renierch, we have chosen you as the deserving pupil, and it gives us much pleasure, not only to award you this scholarship, but to have you here another year or two. But in awarding this scholarship, there are the following conditions: In his will, the late Dr. Bacon insisted that the candidate like himself, must be an American. You are, I suppose?"

"I am," he answered.

"He must be a graduate of an American medical college. You are?"

"I am," he answered.

"He must, like the donor, have had two years' practice before his foreign study. You have, have you not?"

"I have," he said, after just a moment's hesitation.

Could it be true that these learned old professors did see possibilities in him, and was here a reward for the many denials from the enticing city? A reward for the hours that he had spent in hard, earnest study? Contrary to his custom of hurriedly jumping on a car, sacrificing, ordinarily, physical exercise to study, he rambled home to his pension. His mind was full of thoughts. Another year in Vienna, and then America, and he would be then prepared to cope with the Americans in their greed for money; for, what price might not he, Robert Renierch, M. D., brain specialist, demand?

Perhaps these dreams, these castles in the air, were not alone confined to his office, and his office hours, but it may be that he was picturing a home, and such a home as he might make for the lovely Phyllis, waiting for him to complete his career, such a home as he might make with his money and great name.

Then there hummed in his ears, "Two years' practice; you have had that?" and his own answer, "I have."

The thought returned like a cannon's shot, and burned in his bosom for it had been his good fortune to come after only one year of hospital practice. Then he reasoned, defending himself in this little fault, "but anyone would have answered so, I guess. I guess I worked enough in one year to count as two. They wanted me to have the scholarship and I would have been a fool to have ruined any chances of my future plans, and my high calling."

He walked on passing the many attractions with a mingled feeling of sneers and failure. But what diverted him? He was passing a flower stand, and just a whiff—an odor—came to him; a whiff of that old-fashioned flower, the lilac. What a wonderful thing is association! He was no longer the proud young physician in the Austrian capital; he was just a little brown-eyed, curly-headed boy, way back in the country, in the United States of America!

Then an image of "Lavender and lace, and a sweet old face," rose up before him—his grandmother!

She it was who had raised this brown-eyed, curly-headed boy, and memories of his childhood flooded his brain to such an extent that he reeled under the weight.

The careful training he had received at her hands; this tender, gentle old grandmother! The many watchful and sleepless nights she had spent at his bedside, and especially did he remember her tender care, with him, in his last spell of sickness; how, as he lingered 'twixt life and death, under the dreadful disease of pneumonia, she patiently waited upon him. Through her tender care and watchfulness, her self-denial, and the many prayers she sent up in his behalf, he had, after so long a time, thoroughly recuperated, and had come to this wonderful school of medicine in Vienna.

He well remembered the day he had left his American home to come over

to this great school, and, in his mind's eye, he was bidding that dear old grandmother farewell for the last time.

This whiff of the lilac brought it all back. He could see the neat little brown cottage, "hid 'neath a nest of lilacs, like a fairy garden spot." The old grandmother, standing on the steps of the little veranda, which half-way encircled the modest little cottage; he was half way down the brick walk, which led to the little picket gate, and turning round for a farewell look, he saw her striding, with as much haste as her feebleness would allow, to meet him. Together, they made their way down the winding brick walk, and together they stopped at the gate, on either side of which grew two lilac bushes in full bloom.

Without a word, she plucked a piece from one of the bushes, handed it to Robert, and with a "God bless you, my boy!" they parted.

The parting was sad but sweet. The old home-ties were now broken; the only home he had ever known he was now leaving, to go out into the world of action where duty called him!

Just six months after his departure from home, he was called from viewing an operation of special medical skill, to answer a telegram he had just received. Thinking of course it was the expected reply to a large order of medical instruments, he was rather annoyed at having been interrupted during this interesting and very delicate operation, but upon reading the contents of that small yellow sheet, he felt keenly the first real sorrow he had ever remembered—the death of his grandmother, the only mother he had ever known, for his own mother had died during his infancy. It was impossible for him to go to his home. The message had been forty-eight hours in coming, and by the time he reached home all would have been over.

Wholly unconscious as to the things about him; no more thought at the present of the once interesting operation, with both heart and mind in his humble American home, he left the building quietly, without even sharing his weighty sorrow with one of his fellow-countrymen, went to his pension alone, and to his own private chamber. Throwing himself across his bed he gave way to his feelings, and eased the heart suffering he was undergoing, caused by the death of his grandmother.

It was hard to study! As he tried to study that night he found it the hardest task Robert Renierch had ever undertaken! But as day after day, week after week passed, the suffering was lessened, and his sorrow was easier to bear. He was awakened to duty, and began once again to interest himself in his daily routine of medical work. He resumed his medical course and devoted himself to it with apparently as much interest as ever before.

But today, and it had been a year and a half since his grandmother's death,

the whiff of the lilac had brought it all back, and again he remembered the lie he had just told about the two years' practice.

He purchased a bunch of the lilacs from the dealer, and straightway went to his pension to think it all out.

"To the Faculty and Student Body of Vienna Medical School: I humbly wish to apologize to you, and beg forgiveness for the lie I told you when answerswering the requirements for the scholarship. On the impulse of the moment, when you asked me if I could answer the requirement as to the two years' of practice, I answered affirmatively, and I told a lie in so doing. I have had one year of practice, but not two.

"Trusting you will accept this, my humble apology and declination of the scholarship, and hoping you will find some one much more competent and better fitted for the high honor and great privilege of receiving the scholarship, I beg to remain, Sincerely,

ROBERT RENIERCH

Though Dr. Robert Renierch would have, perhaps, been a better brain-specialist, and a more expert medical man, had he accepted the scholarship falsely, as he was tempted to do, he would have been far from a moral man, while, declining the honor and training which the scholarship would have given him, abstaining from the evil and upholding the truth as he did by acknowledging his wrong, he gained, morally, what was worth more to him, and is worth more to every man, than a life-time of training would have been at the Vienna medical school, at the grand metropolis!

The lilacs and the grandmother's influence had won!

"But this, above all, to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man!"

REBECCA BROOKE

Pandora

Pandora, as you all may know,
Lived in the days of long ago.
By the gods she was sent as a punishment dire
To the one who by stealth took the heavenly fire.

Prometheus, who had done this great deed for man,
Foresaw disaster in the Immortals' plan.
And as he their gift cared not to possess,
To Epimetheus she was offered with greater success.

Poor Epimetheus, like the Greeks of old,
Thought a form so beautiful could no evil infold;
But gladly accepted with a grateful heart
This creature the gods had sent as a dart.

For no sooner had she entered her newly-made home
Than she secretly began through her palace to roam.
Alas! a beautiful chest she espied,
And curiously wondered *what could be inside*!

Curiosity! Oh foul destroyer of bliss!
For was it not the curse of this
That caused our grandparents to commit the crime
Which has darkened the ages for all time?

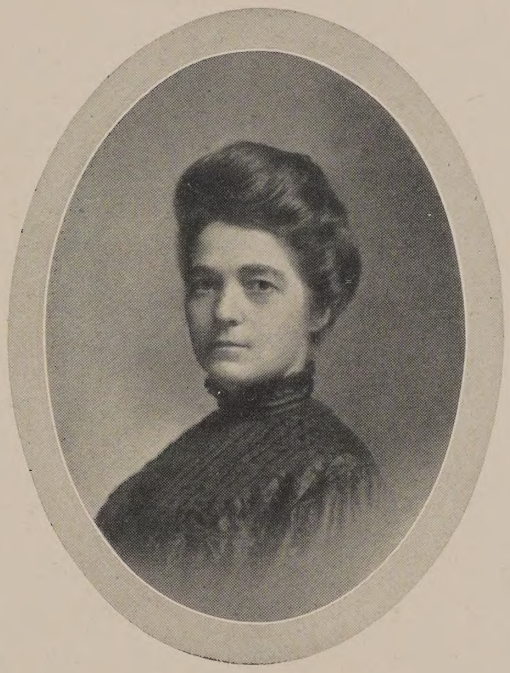
"Only one little peep, and that will be all;"
Then she on the lid let her snowy hand fall.
Just a turn of the key, but oh! what a crime
Can be done in but a brief moment of time!

For instantly from out of the casket flew
Evils of every form and hue.
Innocent they seemed by their external dress,
But daily the souls of men they oppress.

Oh, well for Pandora, and well for us all,
That into the bad some good must fall.
Hope, too, was concealed in this beautiful chest,
And gained its freedom along with the rest.

ELIZABETH MCCHESNEY

Art Department



MISS BOYD, DIRECTOR

Art Club

OFFICERS

President—SADIE RISER

Vice-Presidents—KATHLEEN GAUNT, WANDA POWERS

Secretary—DENTON MCKEE.

Treasurer—ALICE JOHNSTON

Artist-in-Chief—MISS BOYD

FLOWER
Violet

COLORS
Violet and Green

PROHIBITION
Talking

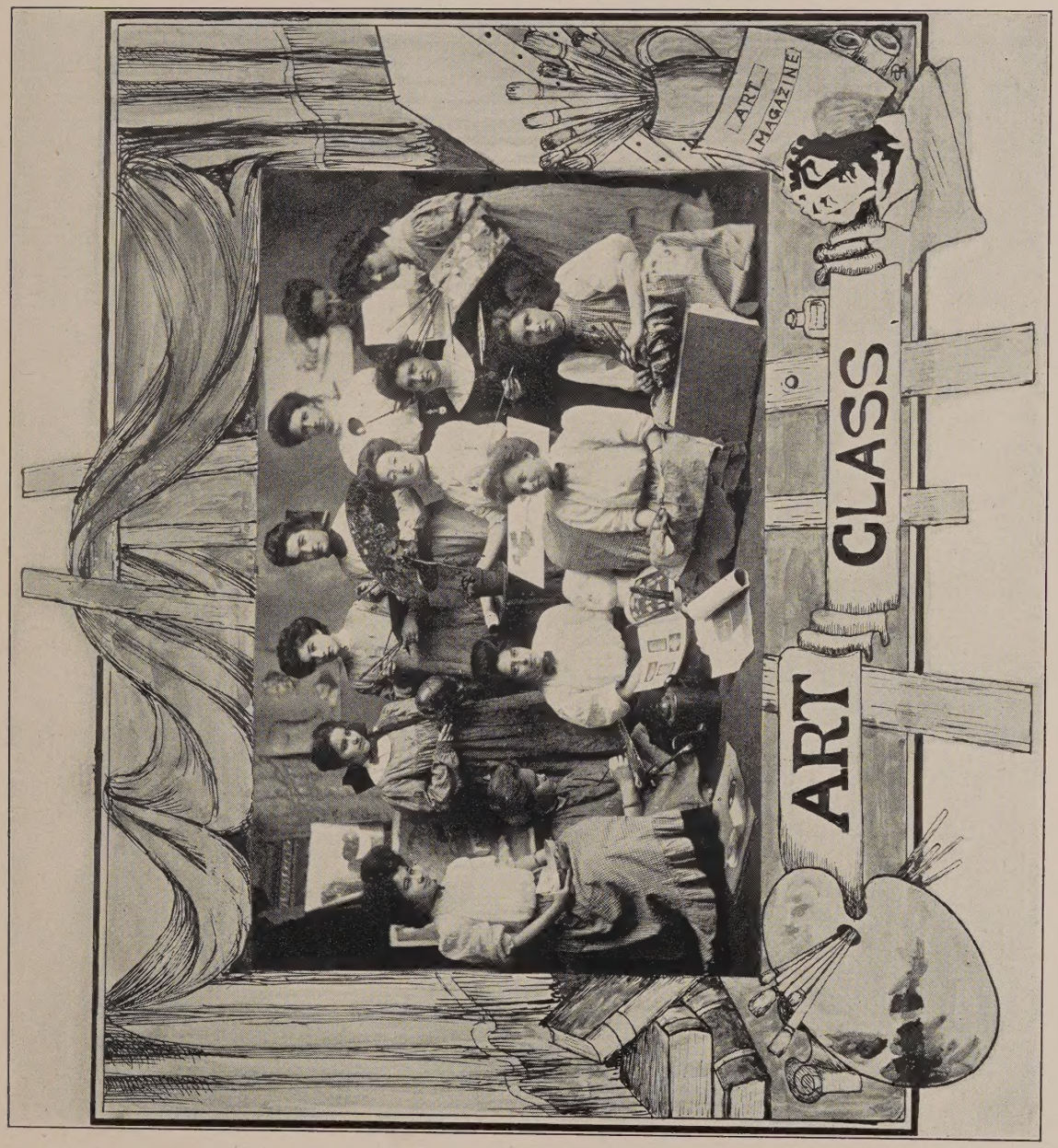
CRY
"Miss Boyd, O Miss Boyd."

WORDS OF CHEER (?)
"That's not so Bad."

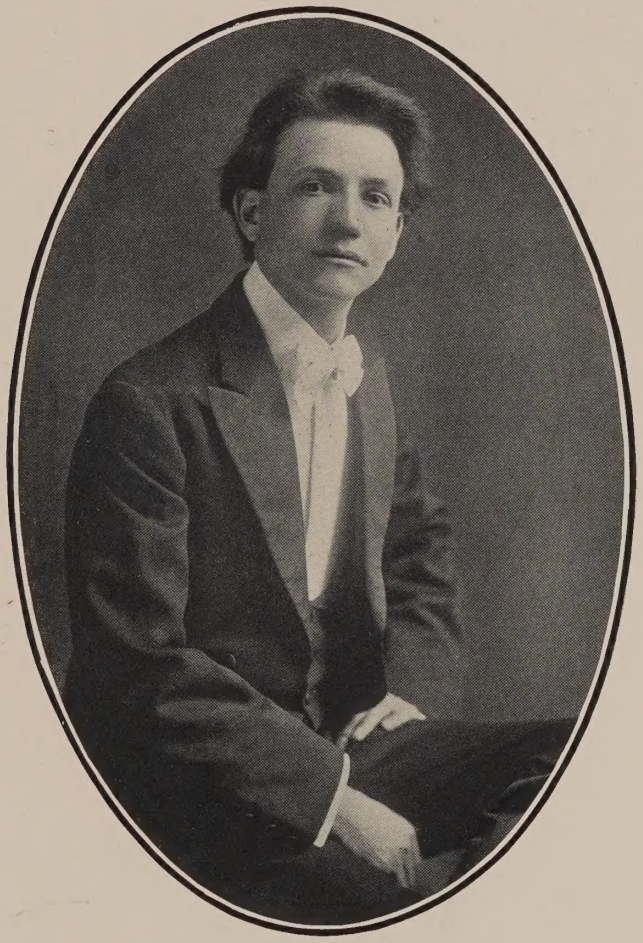
YELL
"Miss Boyd, you haven't helped me today."

MEMBERS

MISS BOYD,	Georgia	*"Chief Advisor"*
HATTIE BROWN,	Tennessee	*"It might have been"*
VENITA BACON	Mississippi	*"Waiting"*
BERTA CHILDRESS,	Tennessee	*"Good Cheer"*
KATHLEEN GAUNT,	Tennessee	*"Miss Independence"*
IRMA HILL	Mississippi	*"Oil Detester"*
OLA HOWARD,	Virginia	*"Borrower"*
ALICE JOHNSTON,	South Carolina	*"Chief Talker"*
ETHEL MYERS,	Virginia	*"Chief Worker"*
PEARL NELSON,	Tennessee	*"Philosopher"*
WANDA POWERS,	Tennessee	*"Dreamer"*
SADIE RISER,	Mississippi	*"Giggler"*
SUE THOMAS,	Tennessee	*"Society Girl"*
DENTON MCKEE,	Virginia	*"Pure Silence"*
MYRTIS WENTWORTH,	Mississippi	*"Longing for Mama(?)"*


ART
CLASS
ART
MAGAZINE

Music Department



PROF. F. T. SCHROETTER, DIRECTOR

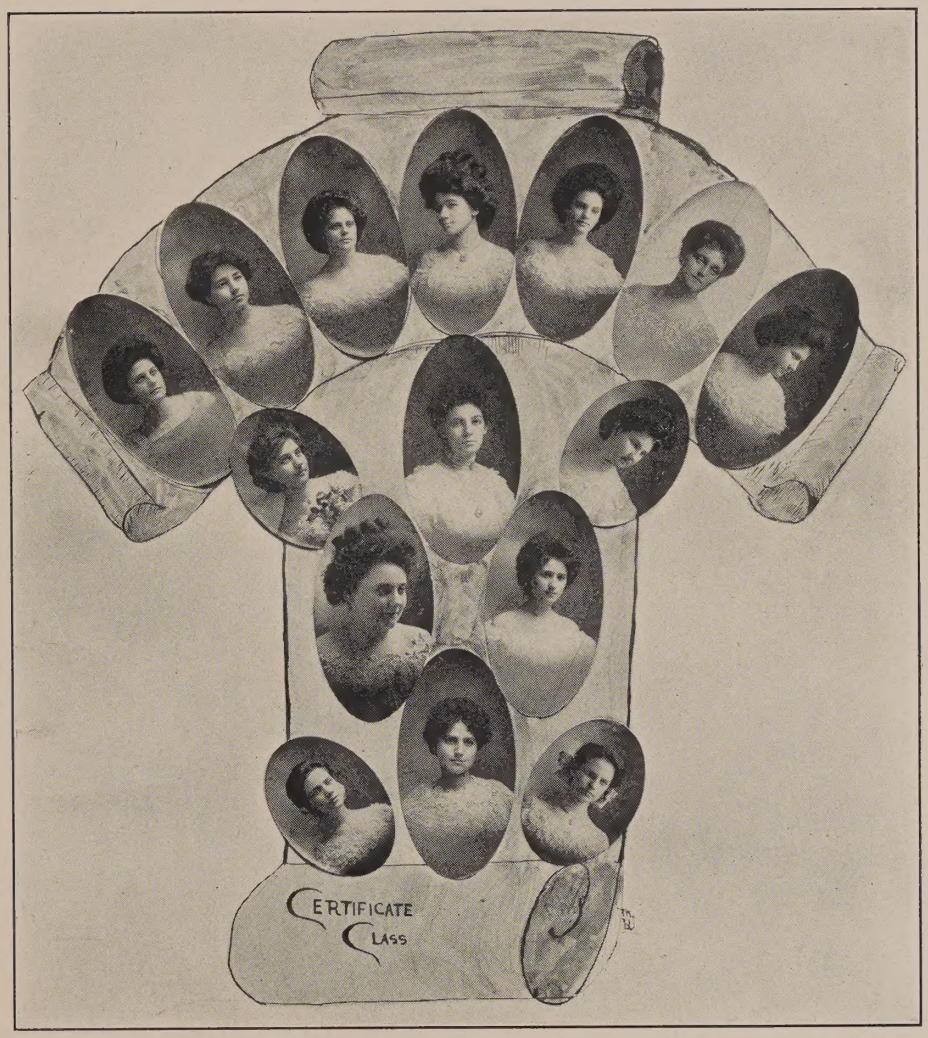
Graduating Class

S. T. SCHROETTER, Director

Suella Burnett
Carrie Lee Bingham
Lidie Courts
Mildred Holloway
Rebecca Mills
Effie Mae Moore

Certificate Class

Ruth Brabson
Carrie Lee Bingham
Hallie Fields
Lena Martin
Bess McClanahan
Charmion Thomas
Mary Surface
Bennie Slaughter
Zirleta Matthews
Irma Barker
Lidie Courts
Nell Mullins
Sarah Martin
Bess Johnson
Katherine Thomas
Lullie Routh
Ella Ratliffe
Myrtis Wentworth


CERTIFICATE
CLASS

COLORS
Crimson and Black

EMBLEM
American Beauty Rose

MILDRED CATHERINE ZIRLETA MALONE WALCHAN

BIRDIE SUDDIS HALL NIGHT

ESTELLE ARNS THERIN THOMAS

RUTH BRABB ROSER

LALLA MAE CIRCOMPOSER

LULLA RUTH TRUEAS REER

MYRTIL WORTH

CHARLES WESTCOTT SERVICE

ELLA RATTLE FOCUS PROPERTIES

LENA MCCUBE

BESSIE MCCABE

EMMA KEACH

ERNESTINE BUSCH

ELIZABETH SNODGRASS

C-h-o-p-i-n S-o-c-i-e-t-y o-f M-u-s-i-c-a-l A-r-t

E. E. PUTNAM, President

Organized for the purpose of higher musical composition

MOTTO

"The world makes way for those who know."

Vocal Department

PROF. JEROME F. HANSHUE

Vocal Society

OFFICERS

Prof. J. F. Hanshue	*Conductor*
Miss Suella Burnette,	*Secretary*
Miss Katie Lockhart,	*Treasurer*
Miss Carrie Lee Bingham	*Librarian*
Prof. S. T. Schroetter,	*Pianist*
Miss Myrtle Robinson,	*Asst. Pianist*

Board of Directors

President J. T. Henderson, Chairman

Prof. Hanshue	Prof. Schroetter
Miss Townsend	Miss Burnette
Miss Lockhart	Miss Robinson

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Erma Barker	Anna Mahoney
Carrie Lee Bingham	Elizabeth McChesney
Mary Brabson	Zirleta Matthews
Ollie Buckles	Effie Mae Moore
Suella Burnett	Nell Mullins
Lidie Courts	Hallie Perry
Alma Crabtree	Wanda Powers
Zolle Dickenson	Ella Ratliffe
Hallie Fields	Mary Robbins
Evelyn Lois Gardner	Fannie Robbins
M. C. Hardwicke	Blanche Sellers
Opal Higgins	Bennie Slaughter
Rhea Hunter	Flora Sonner
Bess Johnson	Nell Sparks
Alice Johnston	Mary Surface
Nannie Johnson	Kate Townsend
Trula Kiser	Katie Lockhart

Sarah Martin

VOCAL SOCIETY

Expression Department

MISS SPIGENER, DIRECTOR

Cast of Ingomar

Dramatis Personæ

THE TIMARCH OF MASSILIA	*Nannie Crismond*
POLYDOR, a Merchant	*Ola Burton*
MYRON, an Armorer	*Myrtle Robinson*
NEOCLES	*Katie Lockhart*
AMYNTAS	*Hattie Lott*
ELPHENOR	*Mollie Heath Conn*
LYKON, a Fisherman	*Sudie Spinks*
INGOMAR, a leader of a band of Alemanni	*Marion Elizabeth Spigener*
ALASTOR	*Lillian Nickell*
TRINOBANTES	*Nell Sparks*
AMBIVAR	*Rebecca Brooks*
NOVIO	*Alice Rodgers*
SAMO	*Clara Harwood*
ACTEA, Myron's wife	*Opal Higgins*
PARTHENIA, her daughter	*Wanda Powers*
THEANO, a neighbor	*Eva Ballard*
ALEMANNI	*Lillie Fields* *Virginia Lee Turner* *Flora Sonner* *Mary Stickley* *Bess Johnson*
CITIZENS	*Mildred Holloway* *Mary Parsons* *Sadie Riser* *Lena Wood* *Ola Howard*
HERALD	*Inez Duffard*

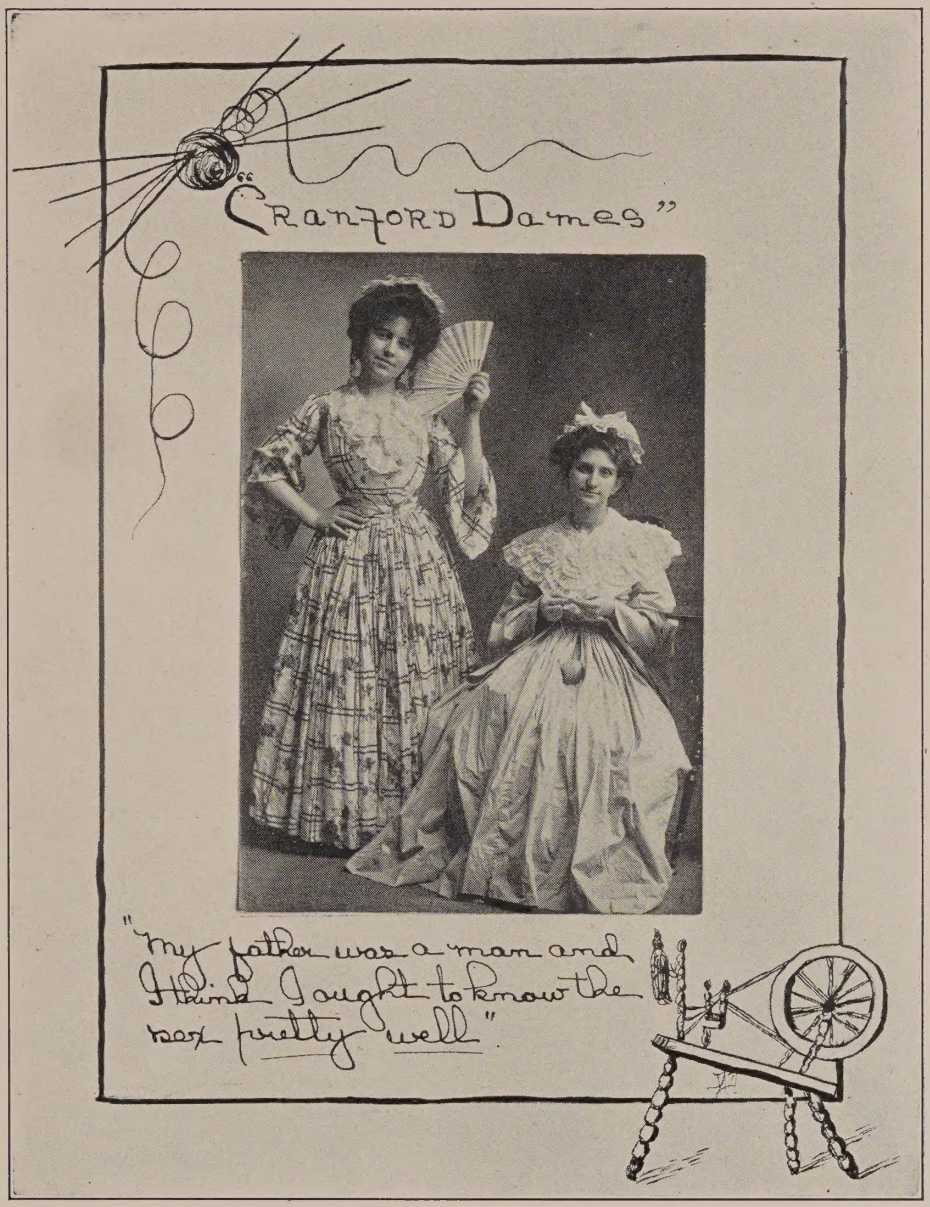
"Ingomar"

"Wilt Thou Go?"

Cranford Dames

Dramatis Personæ

MATILDA JENKINS	*Myrtle Robinson*
BETTY BARKER, a retired milliner	*Ola Burton*
MRS. JAIMESON, sister-in-law to an earl	*Queen Honeycutt*
MISS POLE	*Bess Jonhson*
MISS FORRESTER	*Hazel Coshow*
MISS MARY SMYTH	*Bye Hill*
MARTHA, maid to Miss Jenkins	*Rebecca Brooke*
PEGGIE, maid to Miss Barker	*Louise Wright*
BRIDES	*Mildred Holloway* *Elizabeth Coshow* *Mary Parsons* *Alice Rodgers* *Hattie Lott* *Katie Lockhart* *Nannie Crismond* *Clara Harwood* *Inez Duffard* *Mary Stickley* *Alice Johnston* *Lena Wood*


"Cranford Dames"
"My father was a man and I think I ought to know the sex pretty well"

Merchant of Venice

Dramatis Personæ

DUKE OF VENICE	*Nannie Crismond*
PRINCE OF MOROCCO, PRINCE OF ARAGON, } Suitors to Portia	*Nell Sparks* *Lillian Nickell*
ANTONIO, a wealthy merchant	*Alice Rodgers*
BASSANIO, his friend	*Ola Burton*
SOLANIO, SALARINO, GRATIANO, } Friends to Antonio and Bassanio	*Clara Harwood* *Katie Lockhart* *Rebecca Brooke*
LORENZO, in love with Jessica	*Mildred Holloway*
SHYLOCK, a rich Jew	*Wanda Powers*
TUBAL, a Jew, friend to Shylock	*Eva Ballard*
LAUNCELOT GOBBO, a clown, servant to Shylock	*Louise Wright*
OLD GOBBO	*Myrtle Robinson*
BELTHAZAR, servant to Portia	*Mollie Heath Conn*
PORTIA, a rich heiress	*Marion Elizabeth Spigener*
NERISSA, her companion	*Opal Higgins*
JESSICA, daughter to Shylock	*Bye Hill*

Scene : Partly in Venice and partly at Belmont

A Romance

The Raven a tale *To the Skylark* once told
A romance as queer as can be.
The Lark told *The Cloud, The Cloud the Brook,*
And *The Brook* told the story to me.

In the garden of Classics by the poets planted,
Of all fair gardens most fair,
In the *Gladness of Morning* one *Midsummer* day,
Walked the fairest of maids—*Lady Clare.*

She was *Longing for Home,* for far away
From England, her homeland, was she.
She longed to hear *The Bugle Song,*
And *The Boys* at home to see.

There chanced to pass in that garden so fair
A brave Scottish knight—*Lochinvar.*
There's none more faithful in love than he
And none more dauntless in war.

Of *The Rising in* '76 thought he,
Of the many brave seiges they made;
He longed for the *Bonnets of Bonnie Dundee*
And *The Charge of the Light Brigade.*

But the moment his eyes fell on fair *Lady Clare*
Forgot were all thoughts of war.
The *Incident of the French Camp* was a thing quite forgot,
For in love was young *Lochinvar.*

He threw himself at the fair lady's feet
And poured out the love of his heart.
"*The Passions* of my heart go out to you;
Oh! say we shall never more part."

Oh! think no more of *The Boys* at home—
The Vagabonds—but say you love me.
But proud *Lady Clare* threw back her fair head.
"Nay—married we never shall be.

"At *Alexander's Feast* a few days ago
You made eyes at *Clara Vere de Vere,*
And now that you want to speak words of love
You had better go say them to her."

But *Lochinvar* was as dauntless in love as in war.
"Oh! listen, for my dear love's sake;
Oh! say that you love me, if only a bit,
Or my heart, it will *Break, Break, Break.*"

When thus besought, fair *Lady Clare,*
As most fair maidens do,
With her eyes on the ground, blushingly said:
"Of course I'll marry you."

The Bells are ringing in *Kallenburg Church,*
'Tis wedding bells, they say,
For *Lochinvar* and *Lady Clare*
Are there to be wedded today.

The happy groom speaks to the fair, blushing bride;
"No rough hands our hearts shall e'er sever,
We together will live, together will love,
And take *The Last Ride Together.*"

Lyrics

The reading of Lyrics is an exercise that the Expression pupils are required to indulge in daily. With a few slight (?) changes in the wording, so as to make them more applicable to the schoolgirl life,'"' the following are some of the best known:

"Nobody looks at the 'Classics' with a love that equals mine;
I know it in its beauty, in the poem and story line;
I know it and adore it, my book of books most dear;
My dear friend, true and tried by students year by year."

"The sunlight falls on college walls,
On grassy campus bright with glory;
It peeps through the shades of the quiet room,
While the rising-bell peals, peals its story."

"All the air is full and clear,
A giggling around and above,
From the shy lover's voice so sweet and clear,
To the merriest Jonathan and fascinating Will,
Every Jack sings to his own sweet Jill,
All to the keynote of joyous love."

"A song, oh, a song for my lesson day.
The readings I con, the lyrics I say;
Oh, what a weary world this one would be
If it were not for Expression and me."

"You must wake and call me early, call me early, roommate, dear;
Tomorrow'll be the busiest day of all the glad new year,
Of all the glad new year, dearest, the maddest, busiest day,
For I'm to be 'star' o' the play, dearest; I'm to be 'star' o' the play."

"Come, all ye jolly lassies
That talk about the men,
I'll tell ye of a secret
That teachers dinna ken;
What is the greatest bliss
That the tongue o' lass can name?
'Tis to get a little letter
From the lad down hame."

"O, for a cosy little cot!
I heard a fair one cry,
But give to me the crowded mart
And the tumult heaving high;
The tumult heaving high, my friends,
This old world, broad and free,
The world of action is our home,
Bachelor maids are we."

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Mary Vick Robbins	*Editor*

Virginians

YELL

Boom-a-lacka, boom-a-lacka!
Bow, Bow, Bow!
Chick-a-laka, Chick-a-laka!
Chow, chow, chow!
Boom-a-laka, boom-a-laka,
Boom-a-laka, Brick!
Virginians, Virginians!
V. I. Bricks!

COLORS
Blue and Gold

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MARY ROBBINS,	*Goal*
ELLA RATLIFFE,	*Center*
LILLIE FIELDS,	*Left Center*
BESS JOHNSON,	*Right Center*
KATHLEEN GAUNT,	*Goal Guard*
WINNIE BROWN,	*Goal Guard*

Substitutes

KATHERINE BRABSON, OPAL HIGGINS

The Amazons

MOTTO
"Win"

COLORS
Crimson

YELL

Rah, Rah, Rah!
We beat them all.
Amazons! Amazons!
Basket-ball!

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BYE HILL,	*Left Forward*
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ALMA CRABTREE,	*Center Guard*
MARY STICKLEY,	*Center Guard*
RUTH BRABSON,	*Substitute*
LILLIAN NICKELL,	*Substitute*

"Six Sports"

COLORS
Blue and White

FLOWER
Blue-bonnet

"We always raise a racket,
But never a fuss.
There are no such jolly
Good fellows as us."

FANNIE ROBBINS, ... *Captain*

MEMBERS

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NELL MULLINS
RUTH BRABSON
ZIRLETA MATTHEWS
IRMA HILL

T. S. S.

COLORS
White and Green

FLOWER
Daisy

MARY VICK ROBBINS, ... *Captain*

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MYRTLE HAMILTON
ALESE OWEN
REBECCA BROOKE
VENITA BACON
KATE BRABSON
MARY ROBBINS
MOLLIE HEATH CONN
ALICE JOHNSTON
CATHERINE CONN
MARY BRABSON
SUDIE SPINKS
KATIE LOCKHART
INEZ DUFFORD
ERMA BARKER

The Riflers

MOTTO
Give us liberty or give us death.

COLOR
Gun Metal

SUELLA BURNETT, ... *President*

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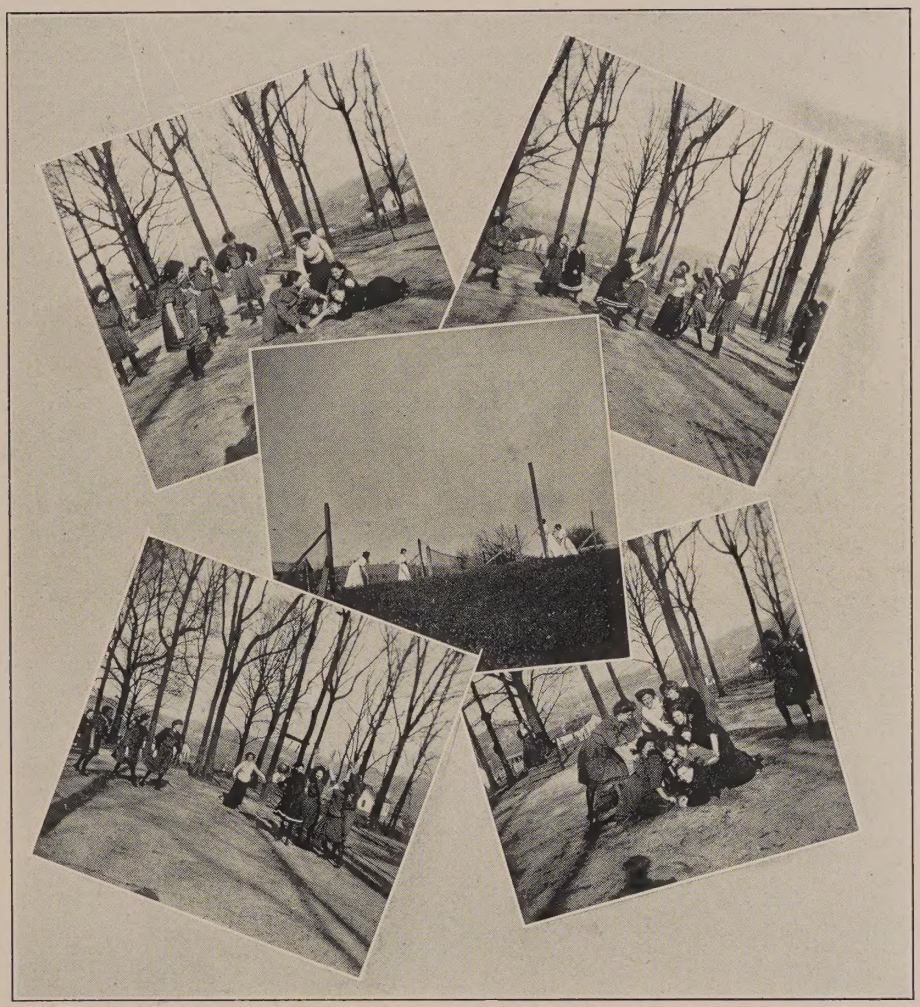
LIDIE COURTS
MYRTLE HAMILTON
VIRGIE TURNER
MYRTIS WENTWORTH
FANNIE WOMACK



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MOTTO
Labor conquers everything.

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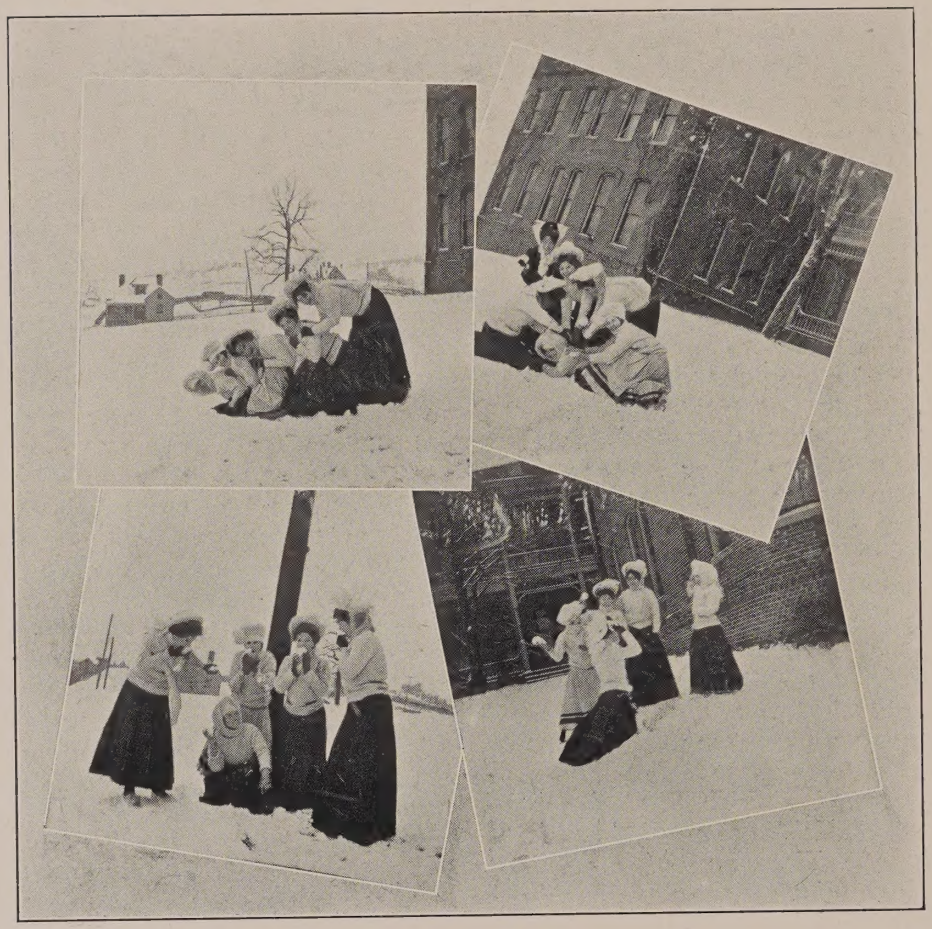
INEZ DUFFORD ESTELLE KABRICH



Elizabeth's Debt

DEDICATED TO

Katie, my roommate, sweet and fair,
With dreamy eyes and golden hair.

CHAPTER I.

YIELDING TO TEMPTATION

THE sun had been streaming in at the little east window for some time, casting affectionate darts on the sleeping beauty, who lay on her little bed, much wearied by the night of dissipation. Yes, Elizabeth had attended the Easter german given by the Elks, quite the swellest affair of the season. She was decidedly the reigning belle of the evening, but this was not unusual, for since her girlhood she had, by the magic of her sweet voice, winning ways, and talking eyes, melted the coldest hearts to admiration and love. To know her was to love her.

Her father died when she was only ten years of age, and since his death Elizabeth's mother had sewed for a living, making enough to pay the rent of her little cottage, educate and clothe her only child. It seemed singular that under the circumstances this girl should become one of the society butterflies of the city. Mrs. Warden, however, was ambitious for her beautiful and talented child and made the great mistake of bringing her up in the midst of worldly pleasures.

Very anxious to learn of the particulars of last night's dance, and to know if her daughter had made any new conquests, Mrs. Warden entered the room, coming noiselessly to the bedside of the sleeping girl. Elizabeth awoke to find her mother leaning over her, looking lovingly into her eyes. "Well, darling, it is now nine o'clock and time you were getting up. You know you have an engagement to play tennis this morning at ten. Tell me, did you enjoy the dance last night?"

"Oh, yes, very well, but mother, I am so tired of this life of frivolity, and feel so dissatisfied with myself."

"What do you mean, my child; you should be supremely happy, you who are recognized as the most popular debutante in Boston?"

"Vanity! This is all mere vanity! and while it gives sensual pleasure, it is far from satisfying the yearning of my heart. My one desire is to be something —do some good in the world. As Emerson says, 'We should not educate ourselves only by what is mirthful and pleasant in the world, but must recognize its sorrow'."

Mrs. Warden was greatly amazed at the sudden revelation made by Elizabeth, for she believed her daughter incapable of such noble thoughts and high aspirations. As she was preparing the breakfast her conscience smote her for she felt that she had neglected her duty toward her child.

Breakfast over, Elizabeth announced her intention of practicing her voice and missing the tennis game. She went into her cosy little parlor, raised the shades, and seated herself at the piano with the determination to work.

The girl had been left a small heritage by her father, and she had used this money solely for the developing and cultivating of her remarkable vocal talent. She had studied five years in the Peabody Musical Conservatory, and during that time had made rapid progress. Her beautiful soprano possessed not only a rare, sweet quality, but was remarkable in its volume and strength. The director encouraged her and advised that she go abroad and study under one of the masters. This at first seemed an absurd and utter impossibility to the girl, for how could she raise the means that would enable her to study in Europe? It is true she could borrow the money from her rich guardian and benefactor, Mr. David Kent, who had been her father's staunch friend during his lifetime, and who, in the early days of his business career, had received great support from the latter. But could she ever repay him? That was the question. Others had done as much, but Elizabeth did not feel that she had the courage and confidence necessary to undertake the task.

Another difficulty arose in her mind, trivial in itself, but it meant much to the romantic girl. To accomplish the work, she would have to abdicate the throne where she had reigned Queen of Hearts so long, and the favorite of the court, Sir Billy, could no longer be the chivalrous knight, happy in the service and love of his fair sovereign.

Completely absorbed in singing one of Marchesi's difficult vocalises, Elizabeth was unconscious of any one near until her tempter in the person of airy, fairy Lillian, broke the spell by exclaiming loudly:

"Ah, you naughty Betty! I like the way you keep your dates—here it is ten now and you are not even dressed for the tennis game."

"Lil, I am very sorry; but, dear, I can not play this morning. I have been neglecting my voice so long and I just must stay in and practice."

"Well, if this isn't shocking! *You* stay at home, when Billy is to be there, and—oh, yes, that conceited Marion Wilson told me she was going—you know she is crazy about Billy, too."

"But I made this resolution and should I go, I would still be the same weak person that I have always been."

"Oh, you can practice all the afternoon; now, dearie, come, don't be so foolish." The thought of Billy lured her on, and soon the triumphant Lillian was leading her victim to the dressing room.

In a few minutes the thoughtful Elizabeth had again become the frivolous Betty, and as she walked in to tell her mother good-bye, she presented a picture of radiant beauty. Her golden hair was combed becomingly under the jaunty sailor, and the stylish blue linen dress revealed more strikingly the depth of her violet eyes. Her companion could not help exclaiming, "You darling creature, when Marion sees you, she will certainly be a helpless victim to the green-eyed monster."

CHAPTER II.

LOVE'S AWAKENING

David Kent sat in the private office of his bank, very busy in dictating business letters of great importance. His attention was attracted by his office boy, who announced that a young lady awaited at the door desiring to speak to him.

"Show her in, Jim." The astonished youth could not help betraying a look of surprise at these words, for had not his master already refused to see several business men of note, on account of the pressing work which crowded in near the first of each month?

The girl was painfully embarrassed in the presence of this dignified man of "Jupiter-like mien," who, on account of his cold indifference to the fair sex, was the subject of much comment among the elite of Boston. He received numerous invitations to dinner-parties, dances, and week-ends, extended by many an ambitious mother, who considered him quite a catch for their love of a daughter. Apollo, however, was deaf to their pleadings and scorned the over-fond maidens, who were left only to languish, with faces uplifted in vain for a ray of light from their Sun God. When David Kent looked into the girl's eyes, lit up with a new flame, he was strangely drawn to her and his manner softened even to kindness when he asked:

"Miss Warden, is there anything I can do for you?"'

Elizabeth answered in her modest and unassuming way: "Yes, Mr. Kent, I have come to ask a great favor of you." Seeing only goodness in his face, she

continued, "You have, since the death of my father, taken an especial interest in my mother and me, and we in our turn have looked to you as our great benefactor. You have always known me as a light-hearted, shallow girl, which indeed I have been; but as you look at me now you can doubtless see that a change has come over me. I no longer intend to give myself wholly to worldly pleasures, as I have done in the past, but now am looking forward to a life of useful work, proving the use of the gifts God has bestowed upon me. It is my desire to take a course in vocal training abroad. The person whom I wish to study with is Richard Lowe, Berlin, Germany, Kurfurssen Strasse 10. He is conductor of Royal Opera at Bucharest, and is a man of considerable note." A pause showed the intuitive Kent that the girl hesitated in asking for the loan of a sum sufficient to meet the master's prices, and which seemed to her no less than a small fortune. Mastering the situation, he spoke in his calm, deliberate manner, addressing her in his usual way:

"Little girl, there are two paths in the world—one broad and beautiful, leading man to an Elysium of feasting and pleasure. Here his body alone is fed, with utter neglect of the soul, and happiness is found only during his youth, which shows but half of life. Old age, which should triumph in the end by youth's experience, is bent in shallows and miseries. The other—the stern path of duty—is narrow and stony, yet directs the worn traveller to the boundary line between this life and the one to come. Nor does it stop here and vanish in Death, but continues into eternity. That you should have chosen this one is very gratifying to me and I shall endeavor to aid you spiritually as well as materially. I have taken down the address you gave me, and to prevent your having to bother with paying your director, I shall send him at the first of every month, your tuition and board."

Elizabeth was quite overcome by this man's interest and kindness, and for some few minutes could make no reply. She arose to go and extending to him her soft white hand, looked into his eyes and said:

"I thank you, Mr. Kent, and if I am successful, I shall have paid you all at the end of two years."

When David Kent again seated himself at his desk, he realized that his heart throbbed more violently than usual and that the time had come when he could no longer reason down love. Was it possible that this slip of a girl could so move him? He had seen her all her life, but only thought of her as a silly child. It is true she was a "phantom of delight," but he had always been blind to her outward favor until now, when he even noted the wealth of her sunny curls, the lustre of her eyes, and the rose tintings of her cheeks. He knew, however, that it was not these charms that had awakened his love, but the noble spirit of the girl.

CHAPTER III.

THE MESSAGE OF THE VIOLET

Mrs. Warden had just completed the last garment of Elizabeth's simple but tasty wardrobe, and carefully laid it in the trunk, which for the past week had been in the process of packing. She looked across the room at her daughter, who was busily engaged in taking down pictures, pennants, tally-cards, dance programs and favors, which she had arranged on the wall in careless college girl fashion. Elizabeth broke out in a laugh when she picked up a gaudy red silk handkerchief and held it up to her mother.

"Look at this—now, isn't it artistic? I told Billy I was making a sofa pillow out of men's handkerchiefs and I would like to have one of his. This is what he gave me at the last dance and I had to bite my lips to keep from laughing in his face. The silly fellow! It looks as though he would have known that I wanted a white one to match the others. Though, mother, in spite of his faults, I care for him still, and hate to think of parting from him. I fear during my absence he will forget me and become enslaved by the charms of my rival, Marion."

"Dear, do not think of him longer; he is a mere youth and not worthy of your love."

"But he is oh! so very handsome and maddeningly fascinating!"

"This, my child, does not make a man." She would have said more, but looking up at the clock, she saw it was now two, and Elizabeth's train left at three-thirty. She would just have time to pack her suit case and dress in order to be ready when the cab came to take her to the station.

"Dearie, I will finish putting those things in your box, and you must hasten now and dress yourself, for the time is limited." In a shorter time than usual Elizabeth had dressed and soon came in clad in a becoming travelling suit of blue serge. She wished to be alone with her mother that day, and for this reason had declined all invitations and refused to see any of her friends.

It was a sad parting for the mother and her only child, but they both bore it heroically. The one was inspired with a desire to retrieve the great injury unwittingly committed against her daughter; the other, by the task before her.

Mrs. Warden would not be entirely alone, for Aunt Chloe, the old black mammy, who had been with the family ever since the girl's birth, remained faithful to them, and had expressed a desire to stay with them until her death. Elizabeth was consoling herself with this thought when she heard a heavy step on the front porch.

"Oh, there is the door-bell; how many times it has interrupted me today!"

She went to the door and returned with a small box of flowers in her hand.

She did not seem at all eager to open them, for she had received so many already, with little notes from her many admirers, expressing their deepest regret at her near departure. Mechanically she untied the box, took off the top and looked in. She gazed long and admiringly at the beautiful double violets contained therein. The violet, her favorite flower, had always impressed her singularly. They seemed to breathe of sincerity, love, and romance. She picked up the card and her heart thrilled when she read the words, written in a clear business hand, "Your Guardian." Soon Billy's American Beauties, which no less than an hour ago had called forth so many exclamations of delight, were entirely forgotten, and the girl was transported to a land of dreams, inhabited by only one man—and that man was David.

CHAPTER IV.

A SINGER'S DREAM

The large annual recital held every May at Scharwenka Hall by Richard Lowe's famous pupils, had been advertised in all the papers of Berlin for the past week.

The famous American nightingale, who had created such a sensation in the city, was to make her début before the public tonight. All the enthusiastic music-lovers were very anxious to hear this gifted girl. On account of her pleasing personality and remarkable voice, she had become quite a favorite and had been invited to appear before the royalty. Had she been so inclined she could have become a shining star in society, but she declined all the invitations to social teas, box parties, and the like, in order that she might accomplish the work she was to complete this year in the best and most efficient way possible.

Quite a large crowd had gathered in the hall and were eagerly awaiting the beginning of the evening's program. There were only a few minutes to wait and soon the curtain arose, revealing to the audience the charming American girl, who at once called forth a furore of applause. How surprised and delighted are we to recognize in this beautiful and talented person our own dear Elizabeth!

The long weary months of toil and homesickness were over and she had now reached the lofty height which had been attained through honest efforts and an untiring spirit of diligence. She possessed to an infinite degree the power of perseverance. Added to this, she had a sympathetic, persuasive voice, properly developed under the master's great care. It was these gifts that enabled her to overcome every obstacle that presented itself, and to achieve the triumph that she enjoyed on this evening. She sang selections

from Beethoven and Schumann wonderfully well, and every one marvelled at the sweet magic of her voice. The director himself, although he knew the girl's ability, felt that on this occasion she far exceeded his fondest hopes for her.

After the program many in the audience crowded to the girl to express their appreciation and enthusiasm over her voice. Elizabeth soon tired of their flattering remarks and was glad when she was called aside by her master. He led her to a retired place, off from the stage, and at once brought up the subject that was most prominent in his mind at this moment.

"Miss Warden, you have proved a credit to me tonight, and far surpassed any of my other pupils. I have decided that your service is needed in the Royal Opera. Moreover, I want you for first prima donna. This place, you know, is a singer's fondest dream. It is not only a great honor, but pays well. I understand and appreciate your financial conditions, and am very glad to be able to offer you this position."

"Oh, Mr. Lowe, I had never thought that I could attain this success, although I have striven to gain this end. Perfect happiness has come to me now, for I feel that I shall be useful after all, and the great debt which has continually weighed on my mind, will soon be cleared."

Little did she know that Fate, just at that moment of greatest ecstacy, was plotting to shatter her cherished idol.

Elizabeth, light-hearted and happy, was bounding up the stairs to her humble boarding house, when she noticed some one standing at her door, apparently waiting for her. As she neared the landing, a messenger boy approached and handed her a cablegram. Several times, as in a trance, she read the cruel words that chilled and saddened her heart. It read:

"Come at once; your mother is very ill."

DAVID J. KENT

CHAPTER V.

HER DEBT

Since the sad death of Mrs. Warden, David Kent had been seen often at the Rose Cottage. He tried to comfort the lonely girl and planned everything possible for her comfort and pleasure. The kind black mammy was all that was left the poor orphan and she felt now more than ever, how dependent she was upon this man for happiness. She did not give up to her great sorrow, for she felt that he, from whom she had received so many encouraging letters while abroad, would not desert her now. This was a sweet thought to the girl.

When she confided to him her success abroad and told of the master's

offer, he displayed the keenest interest, but showed that he was not in sympathy with her highest ambition—that of becoming a world renowned opera singer. He needed only to present his views to convince the high-minded girl that he was right. It is true it was a struggle to the girl to give up her hope of glory that she would reap from the public field, but these words from the man she loved decided the fatal issue.

"Elizabeth, it seems to me that the sweet message of music is sent from God, to wend its way in the human heart and uplift the hearer. Therefore, if this heavenly harmony is used, as in the opera of today, to depict error and crime, the primary purpose is misused, and the divine gift is desecrated."

Elizabeth's soul answered the appeal and prompted this reply:

"Then I shall continue to sing in the Cathedral Festival Choir, endeavoring to make the gift of song a means of spiritual grace, and shall remember that God is watching me when he says, 'Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord'."

David noticed that a cloud had suddenly showed itself in Elizabeth's face.

"Well, what is it, my little girl?"

"Oh, but the debt that I owe to you! How shall I ever pay you?"

"Never mind that—a greater debt you owe—the debt of love. Are you willing to pay me now?"

She made a vain effort to conceal her love, and replied in an assumed matter of fact way:

"I suppose so; things of the greatest importance are the first to be considered."

How little these words affected David, for he needed only to look into the violet eyes upturned to his and read a more gentle answer.

> "As from the power of sacred lays the spheres begin to move
> And sing the great Creator's praise to all the blest above;
> So when the last and dreadful hour this crumbling pageant shall devour
> The trumpet shall be heard on high, the dead shall live, the living die,
> And music shall untune the skies."

Harrisonian Literary Society

MOTTO
Spectemur Agendo

COLORS
Red and White

FLOWER
Red Carnation

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The Sultan's Capital

SAILING from the Mediterranean through the Sea of Marmora, past numerous classical and historical points of interest, the traveller to the orient finds himself in view of a city which, for grandeur of scenery and beauty of situation, is unrivaled by any other abode of man. With the sunlight streaming over her fair palaces and towering mosques this city might be viewed from a distance as an enchanted place, a veritable home of the fairies. Indeed, good genii have ever hovered over her and although conquered she has never been annihilated. This superb city, which may be called Rome's successor in the sovereignty of the world, is Constantinople.

Constantinople, or Stamboul, as it is called in the Turkish language, was first founded in the seventh century B. C. by a band of Greeks and named Byzantium, in honor of the leader, Byzas. But three centuries after the birth of Christ the city may be said to have been refounded by Constantine the Great, Emperor of Rome, who removed the seat of sovereignty from the historic Tiber to the Bosporus and gave to the newly established capital his name—Constantinople.

For centuries this "New Rome" defied the inroads of the barbarians and was admired and respected as the center of civilization, guardian of the Arts and champion of the Christian faith. But in 1453 the die was cast, and Constantinople, beautiful, cultured, Christianized that she was, fell into the hands of the resistless Moors, and has ever since remained the "City of the Moslems", the very breeding place of Mohammedanism.

As Europe is separated from Asia by the Bosporus, so is the Sultan's capital divided by the Golden Horn into two sections—Stamboul and Galata. The former is strictly Turkish, the latter European, and the first object of interest to a sightseer is the bridge connecting these two grand divisions of the city. Standing upon the bridge of Galata the traveller may gaze upon and study the varied specimens of humanity which continually surge across in both directions, some intelligent, happy and cheerful; others with such a sombre, God-forsaken appearance that the heart instinctively yearns for them. No other city in the world presents such a variety of costumes, races and complexions as pass daily across this connecting link of Turkish and European Constantinople.

The city can not be said to be laid out with regard to any definite plan, and as the streets have no names, the houses no numbers, it is exceedingly difficult for a stranger to find his way. But despite its irregularity, the beauty of its mosques and the grandeur of its palaces gives to Constantinople a place among the beautiful cities of the world.

Upon an imposing and picturesque promontory known as "Seraglio Point,'

stands a palace whose halls might justly remind us of Aladdin's Cave, so marvellous is their beauty and so resplendent their gems. Indeed, the diamond-set dagger hilts, the sceptres flaming with emeralds and rubies, and the thrones glistening with priceless jewels, at first amaze, then confuse and tire the beholder till he turns away sated with the excess of splendor. This palace was formerly the home of the Sultan, and it seems to one gazing upon the most enchanting of scenes that the inmates must have been the happiest of mortals. Sin and sorrow seem to have no place among these purest of jewels. But if they could speak perhaps each glittering gem could tell a story of baseness and treachery. Here, in order to secure their thrones, sultans have caused their brothers to be strangled or kept alive in gilded cages, and here some of the loveliest women of God's creation have lived and died, the innocent victims of intrigue, passion, and jealousy.

Perhaps the next most interesting relic of Stamboul is the ancient Hippodrome whose fame once filled the world. Fifteen hundred years ago this magnificent race-course was surrounded by all the wealth that Italy, Greece and Asia Minor could afford. There are in Venice today some of the treasures carried from this course by the Crusaders to grace the "Queen City of the Adriatic."

In reviewing the famous structures of the world the Mosque of Santa Sophia would perhaps be among the first for beauty and grandeur. It was founded thirteen hundred years ago by the Christian emperor, Justinian, who exclaimed, when it was finished, "O, Solomon, I have surpassed thee!" It is indeed one of the most wonderful works of art ever consummated by man. In fact, Constantinople might be called the City of Mosques, since there are no less than four hundred and fifty modeled after the matchless Santa Sophia.

The cemeteries of Constantinople are objects of special interest. It is a custom to plant a cypress tree at the grave of the deceased and in this way the cemetery becomes a sombre, sighing forest, fascinating for its very weirdness and a suitable abode for the dead.

In considering Constantinople as a whole there is no quarter in which, in spite of the degradation and sin, we can not find some redeeming feature—something that shines forth and neutralizes the darker colorings. But must Constantinople, one of the three most beautiful cities of the world, always remain in bondage, in the hands of the Sultan and his evil government? The distant mutterings heard from Christianized nations very decidedly answer, No. With a Christian ruler and a progressive government, joined to her natural advantages and facilities, what boundless possibilities may be in store for this "New Rome!" For Constantinople certainly has a future. She can never revert to impotence, as many other oriental cities have done. Her peerless situation makes such a fate impossible and, although built upon the ashes of dead empires, she will certainly, centuries later, smile more magically and serenely than she does today. Yes, so long as earthly creations shall endure, so long shall Constantinople, the sovereign of the Black Sea and the Marmora, stand with God's immortal seal upon her brow.

Eoline Literary Society

MOTTO
Dux Femina Facti

COLORS
Green and Gold

FLOWER
Marechal Niel Rose

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Winnie Brown
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Carrie Broach
Rebecca Brooke
Venita Bacon
Mary Brabson
Ruth Brabson
Lidie Courts
Catherine Conn
Molly Heath Conn
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Hallie Fields
Ola Burton
Lillie Fields
Irene Greenwald
Kathleen Gaunt
Rachel Harris
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Eugenia Stokes
Sudie Spinks
Nell Sparks
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Mary Parsons
Sadie Riser
Myrtle Robinson
Mary Robbins
Emma Stoddard
Mary Stickley
Virgie Turner
Kate Williams
Vivian Wysong
Ruth Williams
Louise Wright

The Story of the Passion Play

AFTER the decline and final downfall of the ancient drama, and in a way bridging the gulf between it and modern dramatic literature, there appeared a series of plays known successively as Mysteries, Miracles, and Moralities. To all of these the general name of Passion Play was applied. They had chiefly to do with the world's redemption as brought about by the Nativity, Passion and Resurrection of Christ. They were given at first by the priests for the instruction of their people, but in time came to be given by professional actors. At times favored by the church, at times condemned, the religious play existed through several centuries. In most cases it gradually acquired the form and tone of the modern drama. In Germany, however, it kept its individual character longer than elsewhere. Long after the Reformation it survived, and in Bavaria and Tyrol was not suppressed until the end of the eighteenth century.

One exception was made even then. In the little Bavarian town of Ober-Ammergan the only remaining example of the earlier religious plays exists. The village is striking enough in appearance to be famous for this reason alone. It stands in a little valley in the Tyrolese Alps, overshadowed by the great Kofel. Upon the summit of this mountain stands a mighty cross which, in some measure at least, expresses the religious sentiment of the simple mountain people. Among the most noticeable features of the town is the river, bordered by its rows of houses and gardens. The houses themselves are exceedingly quaint. They are often of cement, covered with pure white plaster ornamented with frescoes. These frescoes usually, but not always, reproduce some religious event. The school of sculpture is also an object of interest.

In the quiet church-yard stands the monument to Father Daisenberger, who died in 1883. His whole life was one of loving service to his people. He encouraged them in their works of wood-carving, and trained them individually to better portray the characters assigned them in the Passion Play. But perhaps his greatest work was the revision of the original text of the play.

Not far from Ober-Ammergan is the old monastery of Ettal. For years its influence was felt throughout the valley, and even now lives on in the characters of these peasants, although the monastery itself is no longer used for relig-

ious purposes. Not far from Ober-Ammergan, too, we find the magnificent palace and park which the mad king of Bavaria had built there.

The villagers themselves, although above the ordinary mountain peasantry, are a simple, kindly people. There is not the s'ightest degree of sacrilege or levity in their rendition of the Passion Play, for they think of it as a God-given mission. To them there is no greater honor than that of being allowed to take part in the play; no disgarce so lasting as that of being thought unfit to do so. Because of this their lives are made purer and better. When such an influence is exerted by the Passion Play, shall we say it has no place in this day of high civilization?

For centuries plays relating to Christ's life have been given in Ober-Ammergan, but only for the past two hundred and fifty years has the Passion Play, as it is known today, existed. This has resulted mainly from a vow which these Bavarian peasants made when a violent plague was raging in the valley. Over a hundred people had died. They then solemnly vowed that, if the remainder were delivered from this awful death, they would, at intervals of ten years, give in dramatic form, the story of the Passion. The plague at once abated and since that time the simple villagers have held sacred the oath of their ancestors. Thus, every ten years since, they have portrayed the now world-renowned Passion Play. They have kept not merely the letter of the oath, but have carried with it an humble spirit almost akin to their Lord's, proud only of the fact of being allowed to reproduce his life.

The oldest text-book of the Passion Play now in existence is in the keeping of the mayor of Ober-Ammergan and bears the date 1662. Under careful revision all the crudeness of that copy has gradually disappeared, until today there is little in it that could offend. There are eighteen acts and twenty-five tableaux which are no less a part of the play than the acts themselves. While the acts are events in the life of Christ, the tableaux are scenes taken for the most part from Old Testament prophecies. In a way, they explain or typify the acts

The music was written by an Ober-Ammergan school-master, a man of decided musical talent. As a whole it contains nothing to mar the solemn scenes of which it is a part. During the summer months of the years in which it is given, this greatest religious drama is witnessed by thousands. Every Sunday and almost every Monday through the entire summer the play goes on. The little town is filled not only with rich visitors from all over the world, but also with the peasants who crowd here from the surrounding country.

At eight o'clock on Sunday morning is heard the signal for opening the drama in the great open-air theatre. An overture opens the program as in an ordinary theatre. At its close twenty-four persons come upon the stage, forming a slightly curved line. They announce and explain the various scenes and tableaux and point out to the audience the moral lesson. As the chorus moves

back, the curtain rises, thus revealing the first tableaux which is supposed to be symbolic of the next act. The act follows, then tableau and act come one after the other all day long. Some of the scenes are extremely beautiful. As far as there is any written record, it is followed, but often the grouping is copied from old paintings.

The costumes are also copied from masterpieces by Rubens, Da Vinci and others. They are always of the finest material, since the performance in daylight makes anything cheap impossible. They are made by the peasants with the aid of competent instructors.

There are about six or seven hundred actors, all of them natives of Ober-Ammergan, since no one else is allowed to take part. They are chosen by a committee of forty-five, presided over by their priest. No personal element is allowed to creep into this selection. A man's fitness is his only recommendation. The vast sum of money which is gained by these performances is divided into several parts, the largest share going to defray the expenses of the theatre, furnishings and costumes. Part of it goes to improve the village, part is given to the church and the remainder is divided among the actors. This small sum received for so much work is proof enough of all absence of a mercenary spirit. But if more were needed it would be furnished in the fact that the actors have repeatedly refused to give the play in other countries.

The performance of the Passion Play is often criticized. Perhaps in no other place in the world could it be given in perfect reverence. Yet here it does not seem out of place. It is given not out of any sense of obligation, not for the gain or fame it brings, but for love, pure and simple. Shall we say that a spirit of worship is lacking when these peasants can say with the poet:

"Die Liebe will ein freies Opper sein?"

Old Dominion Club

FLOWER
Virginia Creeper

COLORS
Orange and Blue

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HAGY, NINA
JOHNSON, MAUDE
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ROBERTS, OLYVE
RATLIFFE, ELLA
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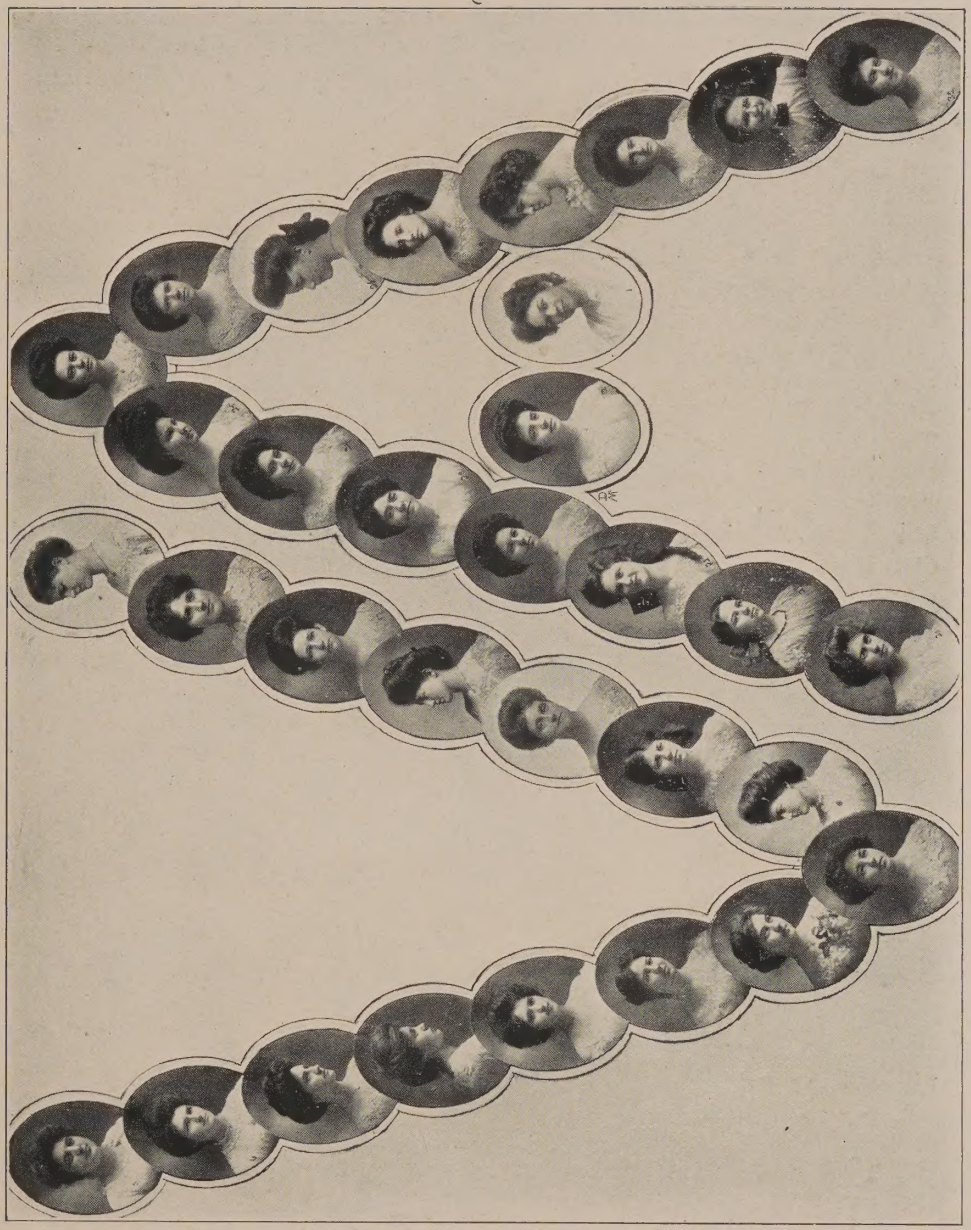
SONNER, FLORA
SHUMATE, MARGIE
WOOD, LENA
WITTEN, NANNIE
WRIGHT, LOUISE

HONORARY MEMBER
MISS GARDNER

ADOPTED VIRGINIAN
MISS KATE TOWNSEND



MOTTO

Nostrae Civitatis Fama Semper Vivat

FLOWER
Magnolia

COLORS
Yellow and White

OFFICERS

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5. VENITA BACON, . Greenwood
6. RUTH WILLIAMS, Hermanville
7. FANNIE ROBBINS, . Vicksburg
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17. FANNIE WOMACK, Vicksburg
18. EDA MOORMAN . . Gulfport
19. AIMEE MCALPIN, . . Gulfport
20. MOLLIE HEATH CONN, Hazlehurst
21. KATIE LOCKHART, Yazoo City
22. HATTIE LOTT, . . Meridian
23. REBECCA BROOKE, . Meridian
24. MAIE HOLLINGSWORTH, Yazoo City
25. KATE WILLIAMS, . . . Newton
26. MARY VICK ROBBINS, Vicksburg
27. RACHEL HARRIS, . . Winona
28. BYE HILL, ... Gulfport
29. MYRTIS WENTWORTH, Brookhaven
30. EUGENIA STOKES, ... Canton

Tennessee Club

Motto
Simplicity, Sincerity, and Success

Colors
Orange and White

Flower
Tulip

OFFICERS

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Alice Rodgers, ... *Vice-President*
Rhea Hunter, ... *Secretary*
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Kathleen Gaunt
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Winnie Brown
Suella Burnette
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Wanda Powers
Beula Trammell
Myrtle Hamilton
Rhea Hunter
Bess Johnson
Nell Sparks
Mary Brabson
Blanche Sellers
Hattye Brown
Mary Stickley
Pearl Nelson
Alice Rodgers

HONORARY MEMBERS

Mrs. Murrell
Miss Martha Galloway
Miss Myrtle Robinson
Miss Anna Mahoney

MRS. MURRELL
MISS GALLOWAY
MISS ROBINSON
MISS MAHONEY

THE STATE OF TEXAS
Four little maids from Texas are we,
And proud of our State forever we'll be;
With its cowboys and steers and the dear Alamo,
Which we'll reverence the more the older we grow;
For 'twas there that our forefathers fought and died
For the cause that gave Texas her freedom and pride.
Yes, true to the Lone Star State we'll be,
Where the skies are so blue and the prairies so free;
True to our colors we'll be till we die—
The "Cowboy Girls" of old V. I.
ZIRLETA MATTHEWS
A true cowboy
MARY LESLIE PULLIAM
The roper
"REMEMBER THE ALAMO"
MILDRED HOLLOWAY
The bronco buster
M. C. HARDWICK
The cow-puncher

State Capitol
SOUTH CAROLINA
LIBERTY
Motto
Cum spiro spero spes
Flower
Calico plant
Colors
Pink and white
Occupation
Eating rice
Officers
Vivian Wyson, President
Alise Johnston, Vice President
Anna Halford, Secretary
Pearle Johnston, Treasurer
Alise Johnston

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QUEEN HONEYCUTT,
Second Vice-President

VIRGIE LEE TURNER,
Recording Secretary

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VIRGIE LEE TURNER,
Asst. Corresponding Secy.

QUEEN HONEYCUTT,
Treasurer

VIRGIE LEE TURNER,
Poet

QUEEN HONEYCUTT,
Toaster

VIRGIE LEE TURNER,
Historian

QUEEN HONEYCUTT,
Prophet

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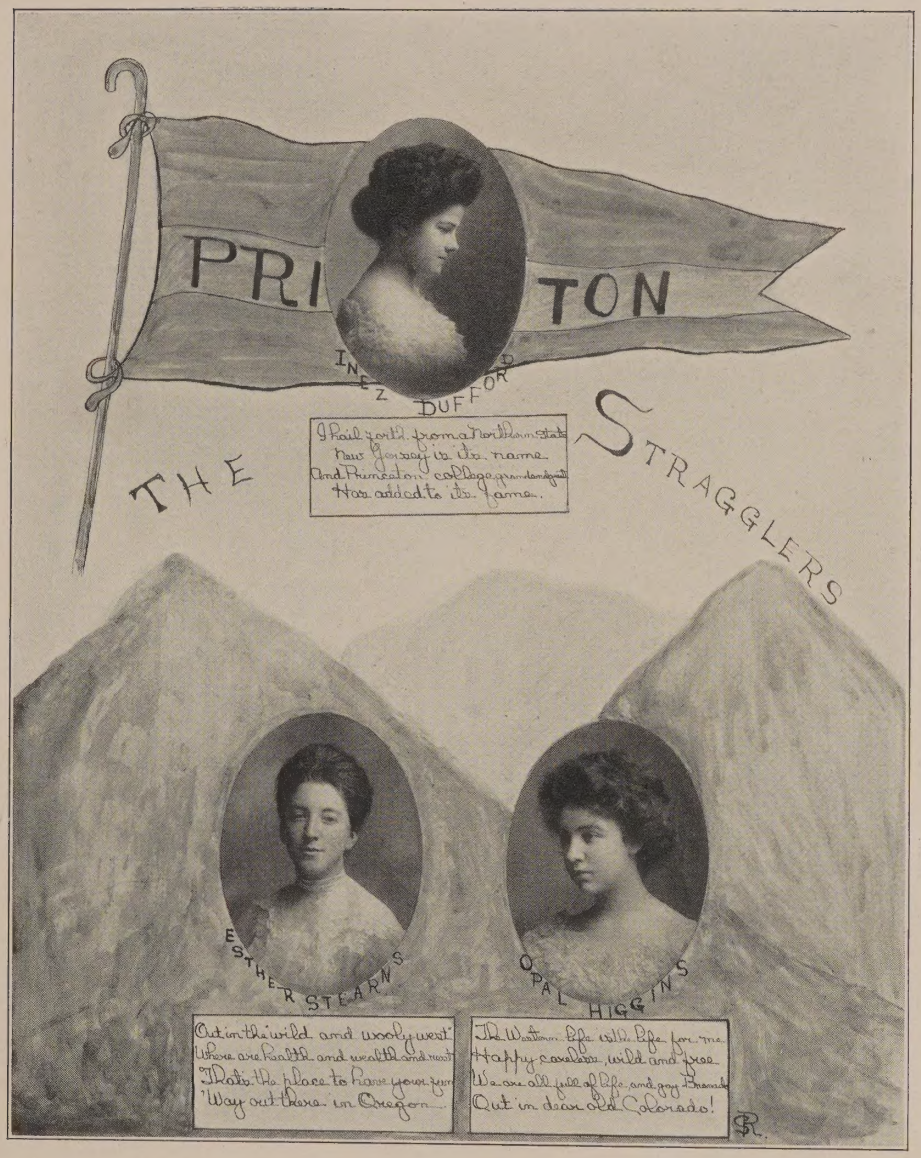
QUEEN HONEYCUTT

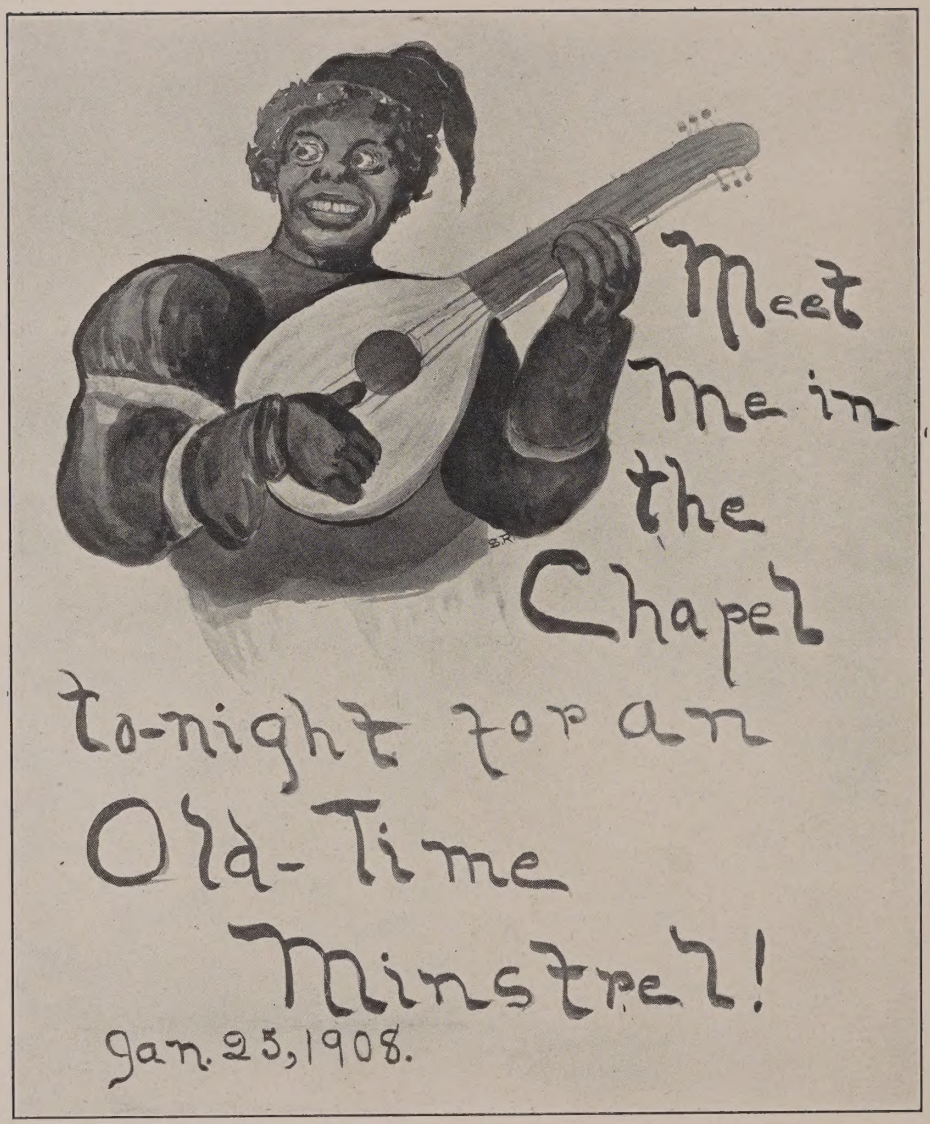
WOULD-BE MEMBERS

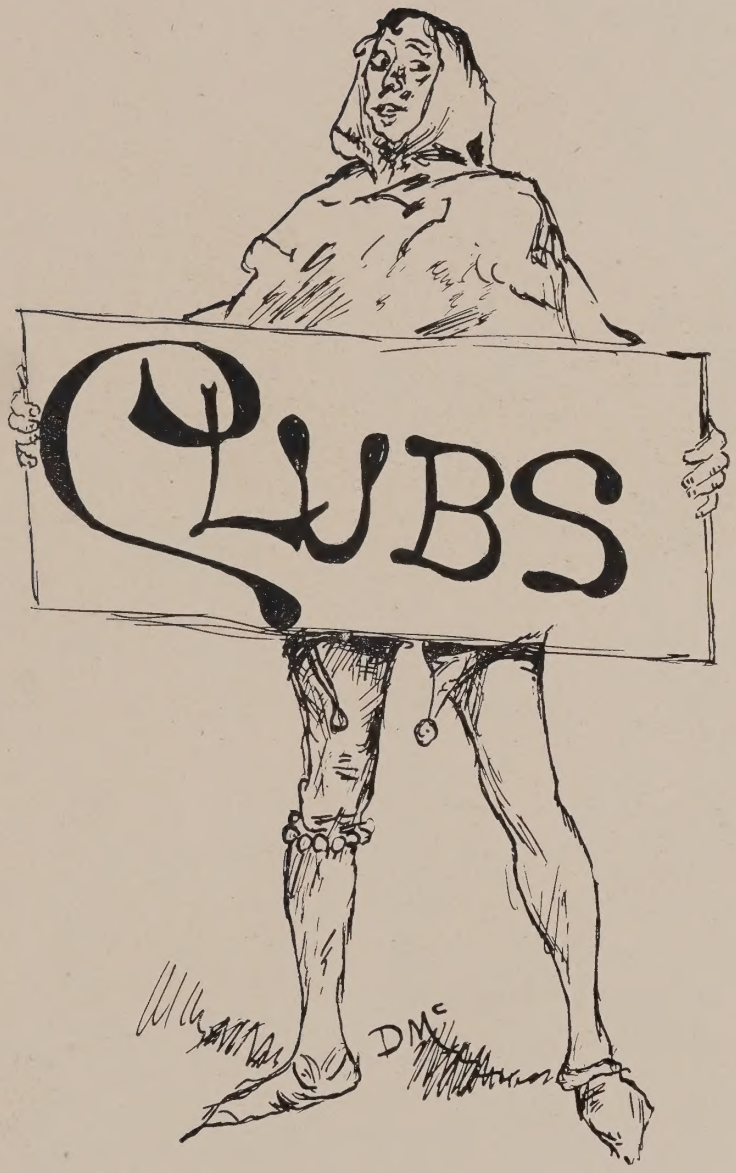
MISS HOOKER
PROF. CONVERSE

Maryland
Motto:
Batti Marchii Parole Ferme
Members
Margaret Schwatka
Alice Barbour
Alice Johnston

WEST VIRGINIA


PRI TON
INEZ DUFFORD
THE STRAGGLERS
I hail forth from a Northern state
New Jersey is the name
And Princeton college gives dignity
Has added to its fame.
ESTHER STEARNS
Out in the wild and woolly west
Where are health and wealth and rest
That's the place to have your fun
'Way out there in Oregon
OPAL HIGGINS
The Western life is the life for me
Happy carefree, wild and free
We are all full of life and joy
Out in dear old Colorado!


Meet
Me in
the
Chapel
to-night for an
Old-Time
Minstrel!
Jan. 25, 1908.


CLUBS
DMc

Happy-Go-Lucky Club

CHIEF AIM IN LIFE—"Be Lucky."

SPOONING PLACE—"In a Bed of Four Leaf Clover."

EMBLEM—"Horse Shoe."

OCCUPATION—"Looking for a Rabbit's Foot."

Lucky	*"Cat"*	CATHERINE CONN
More Lucky	*"Topsy"*	OPAL HIGGINS
Most Lucky	*"Am"*	AIMEE MCALPIN
Most Unlucky	*"Scrap"*	MARY PARSONS
More Unlucky	*"Sister"*	MAUDE JOHNSON
Unlucky	*"Gene"*	EUGENIA STOKES

LITTLE LUCKIES

"Moll"—MOLLIE HEATH CONN

"Pliny"—LENA MARTIN

BROTHER LUCKY

"Him"—MR. SCHROETTER

Big Four

Here's to those who squelch us,
If we only cared;
And to those we'd like to squelch,
If we only dared.

ZIRLETA MATTHEWS, ... *"Rat"*
FANNIE WOMACK, ... *"Fido"*
LIDIE COURTS, ... *"Don"*
KATIE LOCKHART, ... *"Cotton-top"*

"FAVORITE FANCIES"

Favorite Resort—Colbert's Drug Store.
Favorite Hour—Monday Afternoon, 5:30.
Favorite Type of Man—A jolly good fellow, shoulders broad as the piano, and tall as the chandelier, talking eyes and protruding chin.
Favorite Song—"Just Can't Make My Eyes Behave."
Favorite Expression—"You lie, love."
Favorite Occupation—Running Wild.
Favorite Season—"That Good Old Summer Time."
Favorite Meeting-Place—The Jay Cell No. 72.
Favorite Dress—Zirleta's Pink Princess.
Favorite Book—"Wanted—A Chaperon."
Favorite Topic of Conversation—The Rhea of Sunshine.
Cho Chu Powder.
The swift Car(r).
The lawyer (he's a bird).

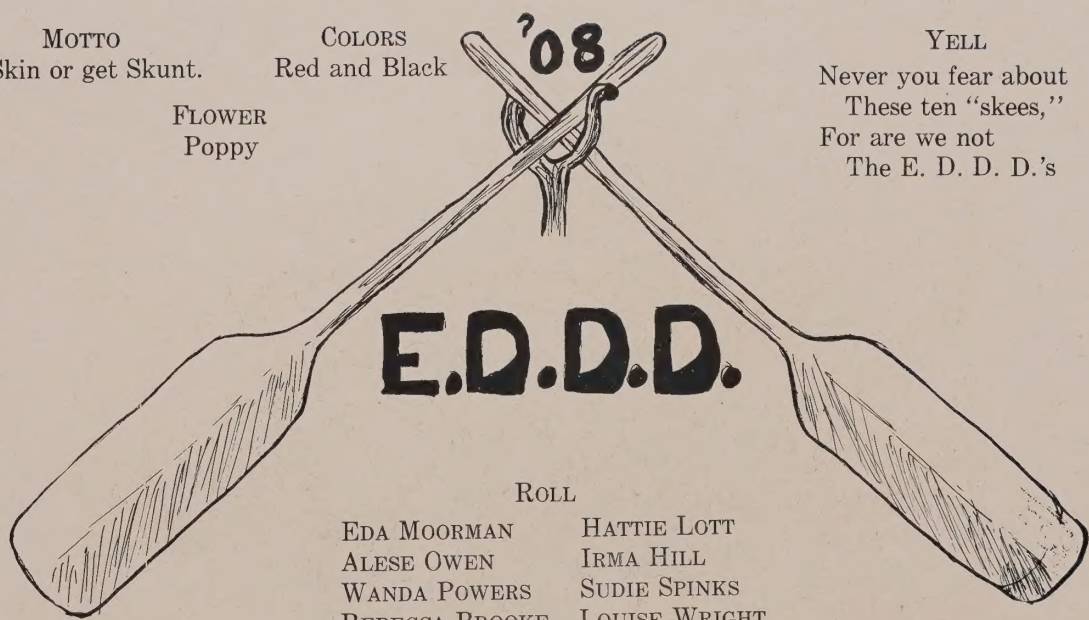
Favorite Essence—Attar of Roses.

Motto
Skin or get Skunt.

Colors
Red and Black

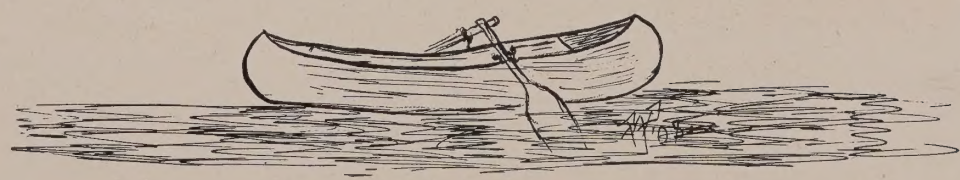
Flower
Poppy

Yell
Never you fear about
These ten "skees,"
For are we not
The E. D. D. D.'s



Roll

Eda Moorman	Hattie Lott
Alese Owen	Irma Hill
Wanda Powers	Sudie Spinks
Rebecca Brooke	Louise Wright
Nelle Mullins	Bye Hill



Tau Sigma Delta

Colors
Violet and Gold

Flower
Violet

Motto
Nomen Omen

OFFICERS

Mary Brabson,	*President*
Hallie Fields,	*Secretary*
Mildred Holloway,	*Treasurer*

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3.	Emma Stoddard,	Virginia
4.	Mary Stickley,	Tennessee
5.	Rhea Hunter,	Tennessee
6.	Mildred Holloway,	Texas
7.	Mary Brabson,	Tennessee
8.	Hallie Fields,	Mississippi
9.	M. C. Hardwick,	Texas
10.	Ruth Brabson,	Tennessee
11.	Lillie Fields,	Mississippi

HONORARY MEMBER

1.	Suella Burnette,	Tennessee

ΣΤΔ
K Gaunt.

Town Girls

MOTTO

Ne vivez pas pour manger
Mais mangez pour vivre.

Flower
Violet

Colors
Nile Green and Pink

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MARY SHANNON,	*Vice-President*
ANNIE JOHNSON,	*Secretary*
BERTA CHILDRESS,	*Treasurer*
MARY HUTTON,	*Corresponding Secretary*
ELIZABETH MCCHESNEY,	*Poet*

A SONNET TO THE DAY PUPILS

Schoolmaster, we have shared together
  Many a joy and sorrow, too;
But when we have won our sheepskins,
  And our days of school are through,
We will then look back with gladness
  To the time when you and I
Toiled and labored hard together
  O'er our tasks at old V. I.
Let us now control our actions
  In accord with rules there taught,
And never defame its stainless name
  By word, or deed, or thought.
Thus, to withstand the ills of life,
  Our characters will be wrought.

E. McC.

MEMBERS

Leota Brown
Novella Booher
Mabel Caldwell
Lucinda Griffin
Carmen Hamilton
Clarice Hamilton
Mattie Johnston
Nannie Johnson
Bess McClanahan
Ethel Myers
Charmion Thomas
Catherine Thomas
Ethel Wagner
Lydia Whit
Mary Wood

Y. W. C. A.

OFFICERS

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QUEEN HONEYCUTT,	*Vice-President*
CLARA HARWOOD,	*Recording Secretary*
MINTA BELL,	*Corresponding Secretary*
SADIE RISER,	*Treasurer*

Just as no college would be worthy of the name had it no Young Woman's Christian Association, just so no Annual would be complete unless it called attention to the greatest organization of the student body, the Young Woman's Christian Association. This is indeed the greatest social, as well as the greatest religious, organization of the school.

Virginia Institute has ever been proud of this organization. During the year 1907-1908 the Y. W. C. A. has numbered about sixty members and has done a great work in shaping the Christian character of the girls who come within its influence.

For this purpose weekly meetings are held, which are conducted by the members. In this way the girls get excellent training, and many helpful lessons are learned through the exchange of ideas in these meetings.

At certain seasons of the year evangelistic services are held in the interest of the unsaved girls of the school. In this way many girls are led to know the joys of the Christian life.

Every year the Association sends two or more delegates to the Asheville Conference who always return running over with enthusiasm and suggestions for work. We try to make our influence felt beyond our walls by our contributions to various benevolent purposes.

In all our work we try to keep in mind the threefold purpose of the Y. W. C. A.—to train up girls in Christ, to lead girls to Christ, and to send out girls for Christ.

How Washington's Birthday is Spent at V. I.

WHEN Virginia Institute girls count their blessings, one of the things that they are most thankful for is that George Washington had a birthday. It is not so much for the fact that George Washington had a birthday that they are grateful, as that he lived such a life that his birthday is celebrated as a national holiday. No holiday of the school year is more enjoyed, so every girl, as soon as the Christmas holidays are over, begins to look forward to February 22.

February 22 of the year 1908 dawned brightly and found the V. I. girls enjoying the first treat of the holiday—a long morning nap. When each girl could sleep no longer she opened her eyes and realized that there were no lessons to be learned. A long day with no tasks, no work, no lessons. Then the fun began in earnest. Chums had the opportunity to sit on the window seat in the corner and "spoon." Girls who had scarcely had time to speak to each other for a month could leisurely walk the porches and have a long talk. Oh! no wonder they were glad George Washington had a birthday.

However, the crowning event of the day was the annual banquet in the evening. At four o'clock the dinner-bell rang and the girls—no, not the girls—but a large assemblage of George and Martha Washingtons assembled in the hall. They made a beautiful picture, with their old-fashioned costumes and powdered hair as two by two, a Martha and a George, walked into the dining-room. The beauty of the picture was completed when they sat down at the long table in the beautifully decorated dining-room. Great taste had been shown in the decorations and each girl was reminded many times by the American flags waving here and there and the red, white and blue colors flying everywhere that she was celebrating the birth of America's greatest statesman.

Perhaps the feature most enjoyed by the schoolgirl was the sumptuous menu served. Between the courses a programme, consisting of toasts and selections by the Vocal Society, was rendered and much enjoyed. Dr. Henderson responded to the toast to American women in such fervent style that all were proud to be American women. Miss Mary Brabson responded to the toast to

the hero of the occasion, George Washington. Miss Myrtle Robinson toasted, or rather, "*roasted*" the faculty. The toast to Virginia Institute was responded to by Miss Alice Rodgers, and the love and loyalty to Virginia Institute was manifested by the hearty applause which the toast received. Mr. Schroetter responded to the toast to the American nation in a patriotic and thrilling address. Every Southern heart leaped with pride as Miss Aimee McAlpin sang the praises of the Southland in her toast to the South. Mr. Hanshue and Miss Burnette were the soloists, and both their songs and the selections by the Vocal Society were much enjoyed. They sang very appropriate selections, including "America," and "Dixie." When finally the twenty-third of February dawned and the weary heads resting on the pillows realized that George Washington's birthday was over, the tired but happy hearts sighed and wished that George Washington's birthday came a little oftener.

Recipes Which Every Girl Should Know

HERE is positively no receptacle which can be used in preparing this most tempting relish except the mind and this even must be thoroughly cleansed before using it, by abstracting all slangy expressions, all frivolous thoughts, etc., which you have obtained through either the "somatic" or the "cephalic" senses.

It is best always to leave off all other occupations during the process, for an instant and "concentrated cognitive consciousness" is the essential element. Just here a pinch of "Don't laugh in class" may be added to advantage.

First, prepare separately and carefully (I might say *prayerfully*) a full chapter in Davis' Psychology ("Mind and Matter" or "Volition" are most reliable), not overlooking a single *a, and* or *the* in the whole lesson; strive to overcome your "mental inertia," which you already have in abundance, and pursue then the chosen plan of action (not chosen by you, however). As for library reading consult Schopenhauer, Helmholtz, and Kant. Write a paper if you have time, or if you don't, sift carefully these facts "of consciousness," and store them in the above mentioned receptacle, one on top of the other, distinguishing particularly between those "facts existent" and those "non-existent"—don't mix whatever you do! The ingredients should never be stirred while cooking or you will not be able to discriminate between a "good conscience" and a "good moral judgment."

Let this set in a cool, composed place—the "memory," perhaps—until the 10:30 bell rings, and until you have quite lost your "equanimity" and your ideas are so confused that they appear even to you more like a "feeling" than a clear "concept;" next spice with a pure "reason," salt with an "emotion' and with any sentiment which you happen to experience.

Occasionally you may flavor with an "original idea," amplified as much as possible.

When all is prepared and ready to serve, garnish with your teacher's favorite and the most difficult definitions, the ready explanation of *every "big word"* in the whole lesson and "voluntary attention." In serving "free and unrestricted liberty" in the use of the right hand is necessary.

Don't be guilty of serving too bountifully, or in other words, "trespassing on your classmates' *right,*" by telling all the first topic (perhaps she has studied no farther than you); these are the "consoe cognoscendi" of a perfect lesson in Psychology.

The only appropriate time for using this recipe is at night when all your teachers, who are unfortunately (as we think) provided with "eyes that see and ears that hear," are snug in bed, dreaming of only the *primmest* of girls obeying each of their *primmest* of rules.

Chafing dishes may be used for this delicacy, if you can get a large, heavy spoon to produce the desired floor-noise.

This recipe for a "Turkey-Trot" is much like the one for a "Prince of Wales'" cake—a little of everything is needed in its making. In fact, you may follow the same directions for both, except the former requires far more energy on your part and larger amounts of each ingredient put in.

First of all, "beg, buy or steal" every tin horn, tin pan, cooler top and garbage can which can be procured and as many hair brushes, spoons, knives, shoe horns (anything will do, almost)—combine the two, and you will be surprised at the strength and force of those melodious sounds "which penetrate the midnight air," penetrating possibly the teachers' ears also.

Never cease for a minute to yell at the top of your voice; run, as if you were paid, through the halls—lo! what happens?

It is needless to add that when we do, then "Fleet the time carelessly, as in the golden world,"—but I am sure you can guess what we catch the following morning, can't you?

N. MULLINS

The Why and the Wherefore

Date	As we see it	Amt.	Date	As father sees it	Amt.
Sep. 10-12	Meals	3 00	Sep. 10-12	Dining Car Service	6 40
"	Magazines	50			
"	Candy	75			
"	Post Cards	20			
"	Stamps	20			
"	Tips	25			
"	Chewing	50			
"	Fruit	1 00			
Sept. 16	Curtains	1 00	Sept. 16	Room Furnishings & Books	15 85
"	Solid Geom., 2d hand	1 00			
"	Hamlet	35			
"	First French	65			
"	Picture	25			
"	Candy	1 50			
"	Latest Novel	1 49			
"	Cute Ragtime, @23c	1 98			
"	Can Goods	4 93			
"	Treat at Colbert's	60			
"	Theatorium	60			
"	Dinner at Tip Top	1 50			
Sept. 26	1 gal. Ice Cream	1 00	Sept. 26	Cap and Gown	10 00
"	2 Cakes	1 00	"	Shoes (black)	4 00
"	Fruit	1 50			
"	Fried Chicken	2 00			
"	Beaten Biscuit	50			
"	Peanut Butter	40			
"	Deviled Crabs	1 00			
"	1 pr. Silk Hose	2 00			
"	Paid on Shoes	2 00			
"	Pd. on Cap & Gown	2 60			
Sept. 30	Society Pin	2 00	Sept. 30	Y. W. C. A. and Society dues, Missions, Sunday Offering	7 50
"	Church Offering	10			
"	Candy	1 00			
"	Fried Oysters	1 00			
"	Midnight Feast	2 00			
"	2 btls Peanut Butter	40			
"	Pickles and Olives	1 00			
	Total	43 75		Total	43 75

Jokes

ART TEACHER (talking as she paints)—"You know it is a great thing to paint, for to do it one must know a great deal. For instance, if one paints or draws the human form, she must know the name even of every bone in the body."

PUPIL—"Gee! I don't see why. To paint a wardrobe, does one have to know everything in the thing?"

"Did you ever go to California, Ruth?"

"No, goosie; I told you once that I had never been out of the United States."

Prof. Converse insists that one should not speak of "devil's food cake," but rather say, "the food of the evil one" or "satanic cake."

MAUDE J. (on looking closely at George Eliot's picture)—"Say, Lena, doesn't 'he' look like a woman?"

FANNIE (looking out of the window at the sunset)—"Oh! isn't it beautiful?"

MARY R.—(Curling her hair over at the dresser)—"Oh! do you guess it will really look nice? Do you think it is pretty? Thank you, dear."

TEACHER—"Name the five greatest planets, please, for me, Elizabeth."

PUPIL (boldly)—"Mars, Venus, Jupiter—Earth and Satan."

"Why did the Stonewall girls come here to have pictures made for their Annual?"

"Because there is no 'stenographer' to do the work up there."

MARY (in English class)—"There was a bitter 'fuel' existing between the houses of Romeo and Juliet."

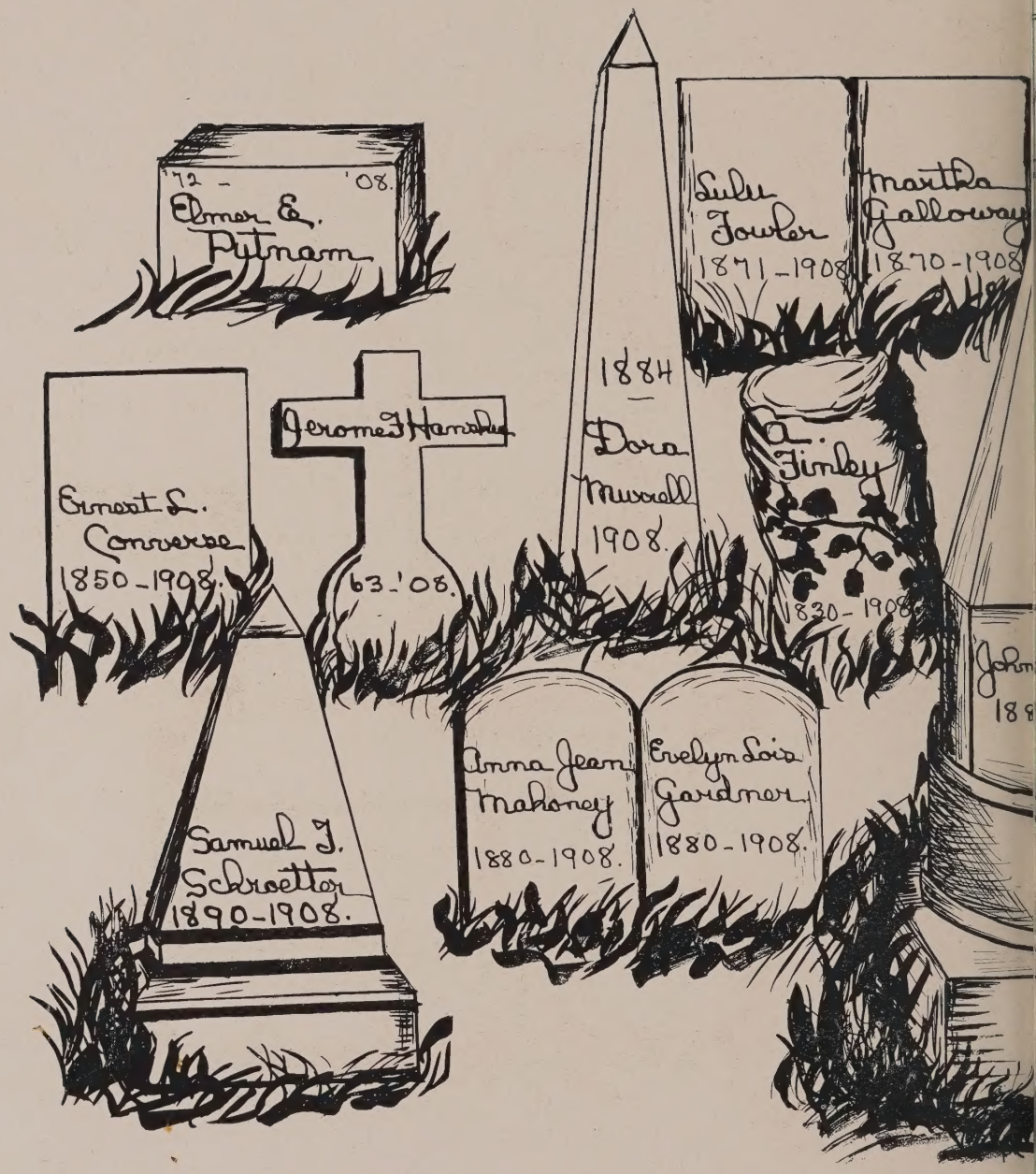
A FRESHMAN—"A terrible storm—why, child, the wind just tore and the thunder—gee! it was a perfect 'volcano!' "

"I'd like to see that young Japanese prince."

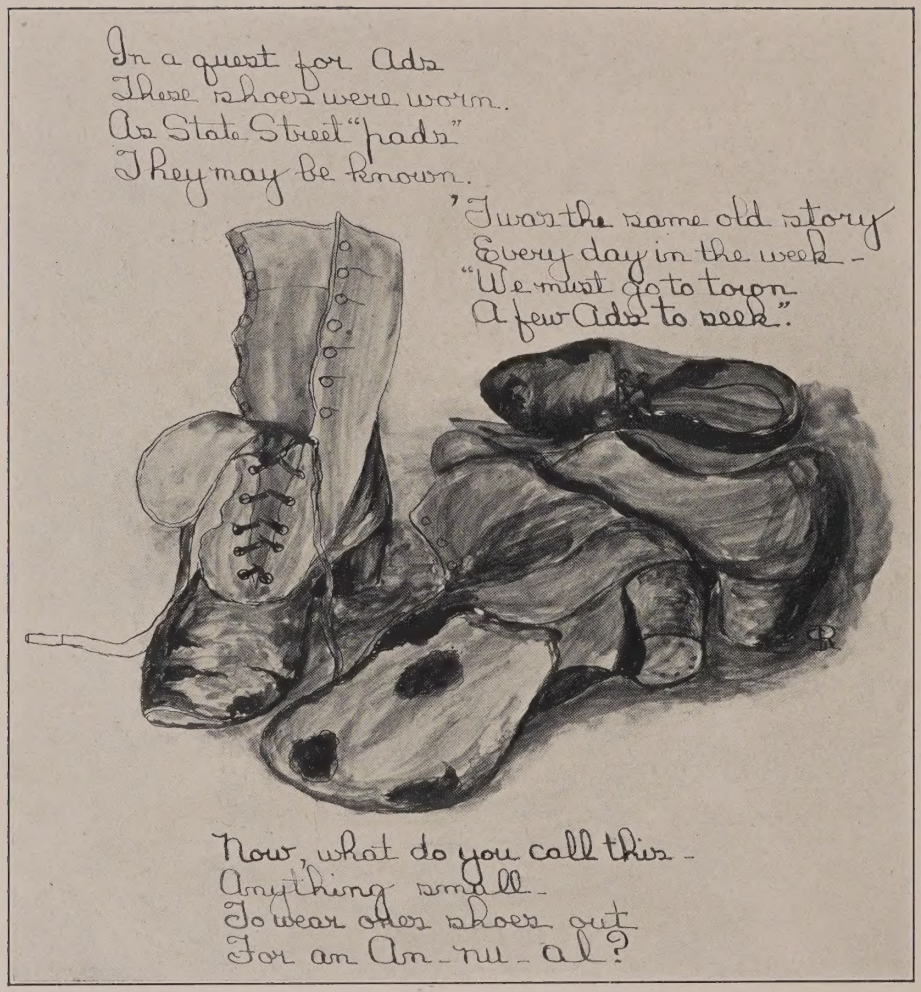
"A Japanese prince! Where is he?"

"Oh, he's travelling incognito."

"Is he? I'm so dreadfully weak about geographical names. That's in Manchuria, isn't it?"


'72 - '08.
Elmer E. Putnam
Lulu Fowler 1871-1908
Martha Galloway 1870-1908
1884 — Dora Murrell 1908.
Jerome J. Hanahan
63-'08.
Ernest L. Converse 1850-1908.
Samuel J. Schroetter 1890-1908.
Anna Jean Mahoney 1880-1908.
Evelyn Lois Gardner 1880-1908.
1830-1908

Myrtle Robinson
1859 - 1908.
Suella Burnett
1860 - 1908
Marion E. Shigener
1892 - '08.
Alma Tomplins
1873 - 1908.
Arline Hooker
1874 - 1908
Kate Journeay
'86
'08
Mary E. Boyd
1870 - 1908


In a quest for Ads
These shoes were worn.
As State Street "pads"
They may be known.
'Twas the same old story
Every day in the week -
"We must go to town
A few Ads to seek".
Now, what do you call this -
Anything small -
To wear ones shoes out
For an An - nu - al?

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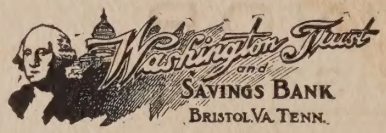

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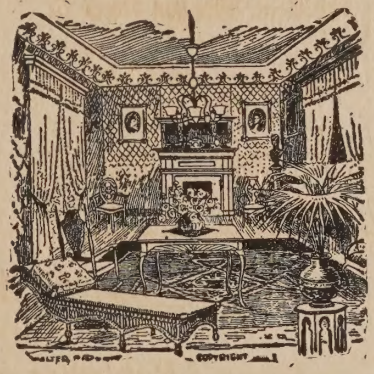

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